CLOUGH

KINGDOM-BUILDER IN SOUTH INDIA

HERBERT WALDO HINES

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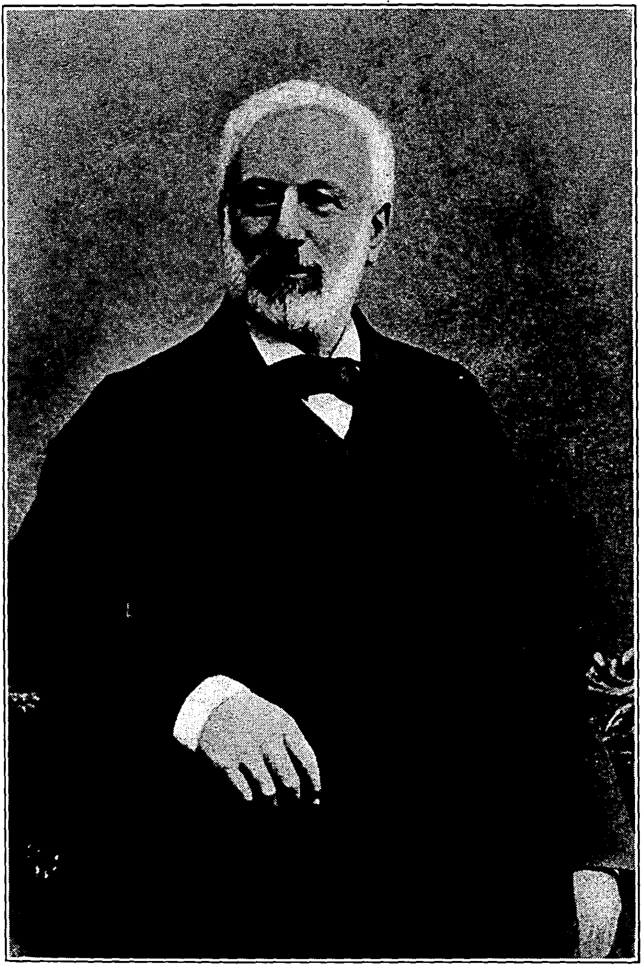

JOHN EVERETT CLOUGH
The Man for Ongole

CLOUGH

Kingdom-Builder in South India

By HERBERT WALDO HINES

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DEDICATED

To The Boys of the Royal Ambassador Organization

in the fond hope that the reading of this brief book may bring to them at least a portion of the inspiration the author received in the study of Clough's dynamic life

INTRODUCTION

The author wishes to give special credit to those sources from which many of the facts for this book were obtained. Among these were: *Social Christianity in the Orient*, by Emma Rauschenbusch Clough, *From Darkness to Light*, by John E. Clough, and *The Lone Star*, by David Downie.

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I

IN THE WAKE OF THE COVERED WAGON

IN THE WAKE OF THE COVERED WAGON

ONE afternoon late in the autumn of 1844 three covered wagons came to a halt near a clump of trees on the plains of northwestern Indiana, and the men of this family party, for such it was, proceeded mechanically to make ready for another night's rest, as they had done day after day for the last two months of their trek westward. The horses were watered and turned loose to graze, the evening meal was prepared over an open fire, and darkness began to settle over the prairies. The drying leaves of autumn gradually blended into the shades of dusk and disappeared, leaving only a faint rustle behind.

In one of the wagons the mother and young children went to bed, and under the wagons the father and his three older boys were rolled up in their blankets, well ready to throw off the fatigue of one day for the responsibilities of another. One of the small boys in the wagon had not yet gone off to sleep. At supper he had heard his father say that Chicago was barely sixty miles away and that they would arrive there in a few days. His eight-year-old boyish mind was filled with anticipations of exciting things and places. He wondered if there would be any encounters with Indians be-

fore they arrived, and how he would fight them when they came. He recalled the stories that his mother, father, and uncles, sitting around the fireside and talking about the War of 1812, had told concerning the scalpings in western New York, where the family had pioneered for two generations.

Suddenly his ears pricked up; he raised himself slightly, and then pulled the blanket over his head in great dread. What are those strange noises? Indians on horseback? The distant prancing ceased, but the boy's heart beat wildly. In a few seconds there was a stir under the wagon. The father, sleeping with his head close to the ground, felt the vibrations and drowsily turned over. Coming quickly to his waking senses, he scrambled out and called to the boys to get up.

"What's 'a matter, pop?" whispered the excited lad as he stuck his tousled head out from the rear of the wagon.

"Horses stampeded. Maybe horse thieves. Call mother." In a few minutes the father and his three older sons, rifles in hand, had disappeared into the chilly night.

"Go to sleep, Everett," said his mother, who shivered slightly as they stood peering anxiously into the darkness. But there was no sleeping for the lad now—not he! He was soon dressed and standing beside her, telling her not to be afraid, for he would take care of her if any Indians or robbers came. This brave lad,

John Everett Clough, born in Frewsburg, New York, July 16, 1836, had the blood of seven generations of American pioneers in his veins, traditions of Revolutionary-War grandfathers in his training, and months of covered-wagon experiences fresh in his mind. He was a born leader, a restless, venturesome lad, who was here looking forward to some new and daring experience, and who continued this throughout his life. He recalled how he had fought a battle with an old gander back in New York State, and had won. Our young hero stayed close to his mother all through the anxious hours of that night, sharing with her the responsibility of blowing frequently a tin dinner-horn that the men-folks might find their way back to the wagons. He learned early and often to go through anxious hours; he treasured these preparations for the terrific battles of his later life. Just as a reddish tinge in the east announced the approach of another day one of Everett's brothers appeared, driving back the tired and snorting runaway horses.

The rest of the journey to Chicago was uneventful, save that Everett felt more important after the events of that memorable night. He wanted to sleep with the men-folks under the wagon, and do lots of things for his mother.

After a few days in Chicago the family started northward, hoping to reach Wisconsin before winter set in. The family owned land in the southern part of that State, and it was to settle upon it that they had

left Jamestown, New York, early in September. They had gone but a short distance beyond Chicago when snow began to fall, which meant that winter had overtaken them. The father went immediately to the nearest village to hire a house for an abode till spring.

Early in the spring of '45 the father decided to take one of the wagons and visit the land in Wisconsin. He had hardly started on this trip when the horses bolted, knocking him down and breaking his shoulder and some ribs. From these injuries he never fully recovered. Word soon came that the land was worthless, and the family settled near the northern border of Illinois.

At this point Everett's boyhood was nipped, never to be resumed, for pioneer poverty of the most severe type gripped the family. The injured father had to be cared for, the older boys did men's work, and little Everett tended to the chores. During the next winter, porridge, potatoes in limited helpings, and corn bread were the family's sustenance. The children often went to bed hungry, and many times went early in the evening that the mother might mend and wash their clothing for use the following school day. The nine-year-old man forged ahead in his limited field of endeavor and mastered it. He soon had the finest poultry in that section of the country and attracted the attention of the farmers all around.

Another summer found him working as a shepherd, driving six hundred sheep out onto the prairie every

morning and bringing them back at night. Next we find him breaking virgin prairie land with a plow drawn by six yoke of oxen. He is now fourteen years of age and feeling pretty big, hiring out as a "hand" to drive twelve oxen ahead of a plow and prepare Illinois prairie land for crops of corn.

Meanwhile the man-boy began to think of himself more and more as one who was destined some day to be a great leader among men. He began to feel definitely that the career he had been dreaming about, which he knew would take him far beyond the farm, was that of lawyer—not an ordinary lawyer, but a leading one, who would rise to political prestige in the halls of Congress. In these dreams of boyhood and ambitions of youth he was encouraged greatly by events which were significant to him. In the first place the boys of his neighborhood looked up to him as a superior personage in all their boyish affairs: he was clearly the leader of the "gang," and his advice was sought and followed repeatedly. They would say proudly and frequently of their pal, "Everett is going to be a lawyer." Frequently also in the family councils young Clough would advance some opinion or idea touching the work on the farm, and would be listened to by his older brothers and parents. They often did things suggested by the youngster.

But the mysterious call of the larger world of leadership and action was awakened by an incident, the memory of which young Clough treasured throughout

his days. Near the Cloughs lived Judge Farwell, for whose family young Everett, when fourteen years of age, had performed some small jobs. Mrs. Farwell, an educated and far-seeing woman, sensed in the boy the possibilities of a great future and often spoke kindly to him. Once she gave him a book, *Antiquities of Greece,* explaining half apologetically that the book might not mean much to him right now, but that before long he would be reading such books. The incident stirred the boy deeply: he walked home with the precious prize tucked carefully under his arm, and with his fertile imagination ranging over the limitless possibilities of his future, into which the good woman had so wisely dropped a flare. Now he begins to grow hungry for an education, and spends a very happy winter in a country school. He is the oldest pupil in the school, is looked up to by all the pupils, and by the teacher also, who sees in him great promise. He is friendly with the teacher, gets special help from her, and from this friendly association receives more ambition to measure up to what people expect of him.

In this manner the boy, John Everett Clough, swung into young manhood—cradled in honorable, though hard frontier poverty, forced to give almost full time to farm chores at nine years of age, herding sheep at twelve, driving six yoke of oxen at fourteen, and trying to find himself at fifteen. But his stern environment afforded him just that discipline which he needed to bring out the best that was in him. As the lad of

ten had the best poultry in the neighborhood, so in his missionary work in India decades later, he made the best out of whatever situation the Lord placed him in. His very hunger, which the trying pioneer winter imposed, later gave him understanding of the Indian peoples who came to him for sympathy in the famine years.

The family fortunes, however, took a decided turn, and events changed with them. The five years of hard labor on the part of the whole family had resulted in a period of prosperity. Crops had been good, stock had been well cared for, and land values had increased. The family had saved some money and paid off debts. In addition to this hard earned success there came another fine stroke—a railroad passed through their land, and the company paid a good price for the farm. How differently the family felt now? They had a good sum of money as a result of their savings and sales, and decided to start all over again on a grander scale. As a result of a family council it was decided that they should all move westward into Iowa, following in the trail of the Indians. Everett was one of those who favored this move, for he saw chances of big things in the new State, where the family would be large landowners and shortly people of wealth and influence. He could then afford to get his education and become a lawyer and statesman, as he had planned for.

Until very recently Iowa had been the hunting-grounds for some of the original Indian tribes and

others driven westward over the river by the advance of the white men. The United States Government had purchased these lands from the Indians by treaty, and had moved the original settlers farther westward. Some of the Indians sullenly resented these treaties and would not recognize the right of the white men to come in. They were hostile and threatening as these settlers came, occasionally invading settlements and cruelly murdering the whites. Seven years after the Cloughs settled in Iowa there was a massacre a hundred miles northwest of them, when the white population was practically all killed.

In spite of these dangers and perils, settlers were moving westward into Iowa, and the government was encouraging them to do so, granting them rich prairie land to break and till. The elder Clough staked out one thousand six hundred acres of land near what was called Strawberry Point, Iowa, marking it off forty acres to the block. They were to hold this by the right called "squatter sovereignty," i. e., living on it and cultivating it for a certain time until they had established their right to own it through the use of it and interest in it. It was a very great undertaking, expensive and daring; it rendered the family potentially wealthy, but with years of hard work ahead of them before they could capitalize on it. They were what we call "land poor."

When the Cloughs again took to the covered wagons to found a new home for themselves the situation was

quite different from what it had been seven years before. Now they made a large caravan of wagons, horses, cattle, six yoke of oxen, and abundance of clothing and supplies to last the whole family a year. No longer was John Everett in the wagon with the women and children, but driving, and assuming man's estate and responsibility. This time their sojourn on the outskirts of civilization found them with flour, tea, and other luxuries. Corn bread, the symbol of their former hardships, was partaken of only occasionally. We must bear in mind, though, that the general prosperity of the family did not mean release from work. In order to get things started and hold the new land, all had to work real hard and long. It was hard to hire help, so young fifteen-year-old Everett took his place with the men and did a man's work from then on. He never felt that this hurt him, but he always had a suspicion that he would have been six feet tall if he had not worked so hard during his growing period. Science is against him in his assumed loss of two inches of stature, but this remained his conviction. During the winter months for two years Everett went to school, walking several miles each way, piecing out his meager education. He seems also to have thought later in life that intellectual growth was likewise checked by his early handicap.

Some outstanding events filled his otherwise workaday life. Word came one day that there was going to be a great Fourth-of-July celebration in a town ten

miles away. All the young farmers and the hands were talking about it, and most of them had decided to go. The Clough boys were excited about it, decorated a big wagon appropriately for the occasion, and drove to town. The wagon, to which were harnessed six yoke of oxen, was drawn up early on the morning of the Fourth and crowded with the Cloughs and their neighbors. It was a gay group, advertising its patriotism by shouting, waving flags, and with an occasional loud report of an old musket, charged with four fingers of powder. At the start the boys all wanted to drive, for it was to be a proud man who took the seat under the big American flag waving over the wagon. Some one said, "Let Everett drive." This was soon raised to a general shout, and his brothers, recalling how skilfully he had managed this same six yoke of oxen in his four-years' plowing experience, said decisively, "Everett shall drive."

The festive wagon was cheered all along the way, and when it arrived in town to stop where the patriotic speeches were to be given, people crowded around to see it, to talk with the folks of Strawberry Point, and to stare at the fine bronzed lad who drove so skilfully. Later in his life he remarked that he had never felt prouder in all his days, and never had experienced such a feeling of power and satisfaction as that day when he guided these twelve oxen through the admiring crowd in this Iowa town.

He was always asserting himself in a leadership

capacity. When his sister Jane was married, he organized and carried out a real charivari. He got together a good crowd of boys of the neighborhood, had them provided with cow-bells, dish-pans, Fourth-of-July horns and drums, and hid them in the barn. Just as the wedding ceremony was over he gave the signal and pandemonium broke loose. The troop marched around the house in the snow and insisted on the bride and groom coming out to greet it. John Everett thus grew to young manhood with limited opportunities, but with a determination to express himself in ways that marked him out as one destined to make something of himself.

Religious training and environment, however, were quite lacking. He had had no opportunity for Sunday school and church attendance, nor had there been any special interest in religious things in the home. His father and mother were fine, upright people, shaped and influenced in life by the ideals and technique of religious teachings, but not using this technique in training their children. One day a neighbor with more zeal than tact came to the barn where the Clough boys were cleaning wheat, and began to urge them to repent of their sins. Everett mocked him, and as things began to get serious his elder brother warned the exhorter to be on his way. Another time three of the Cloughs became interested in attending a Methodist revival meeting in a neighboring barn, but could not get their scoffer brother to go.

One Sunday Everett went hunting against the ex-

pressed wishes of his father. Something happened to the gun when he went to fire the first shot, with the result that he staggered home, his face bathed in blood and peppered with powder. He insisted on his sister Jane taking a needle and digging out the powder so that it would not get covered over and show the rest of his days. She was sickened by the sight of the blood and began to cry. He got mad and spoke crossly to her, insisting that she remove all the powder. Then she got angry in turn, and as she probed for bits of powder, told him just what she thought of him for going hunting on Sunday against his father's desire. She scolded him unmercifully for thinking himself too good to go to church, and for being so self-righteous.

This self-righteous Iowa farmer lad, now approaching his seventeenth birthday, ambitious, assertive, capable, begins in his own mind to look around for new worlds to conquer, new ventures to launch upon.

II

SURVEYING ON THE PLAINS

SURVEYING ON THE PLAINS

John Everett Clough came home from the field one evening, tired in body and restless in spirit, for all day long he had been plowing new ground, and thinking to himself as he trudged along: "Where is this getting me? I'm tired of being a farm-hand, and want to do something better!" Looking into the future, he saw himself as a prominent lawyer and well-to-do landowner. Just how he was going to arrive there he was not sure, nor had he figured out what the next step should be. He generally gave himself a quarter of a century to arrive, but he was impatient to be on his way. As he approached the barn his mutterings and musings were interrupted by the shouts of a group of small boys running excitedly about a few covered wagons halted quite near the house. "Some new homesteaders on their way west," he thought to himself, and proceeded to water his team preparatory to turning them loose in the pasture for the night. All at once he heard a cordial call from a strange individual who seemed to know him. Hastening toward the nearest of the covered wagons he gazed at a kindly-eyed gentleman whom he half recognized, and yet could not quite place. His hesitation was only for a few brief seconds, for he rushed forward and exclaimed with

genuine pleasure: "Mr. Anderson! What are you doing here?"

The welcome guest was Mr. W. L. Anderson, of Dubuque, Iowa, in whose home the Cloughs had been guests two years before on their way to their new home at Strawberry Point. They chatted briefly while Mr. Anderson looked admiringly at the physique of the stalwart young plowboy and commented with enthusiasm on how much he had grown in two years. Mr. Anderson had liked Everett when first he had seen him, for he was keen to observe the leader in him, and the personality that could make dreams come true. He needed just such a young man now.

Mr. Anderson explained that he was a United States surveyor on his way to Minnesota, under contract with Uncle Sam to survey a large tract of land in that new territory. As he told of his anticipated summer's work in the virgin land of the Sioux Indians, he observed the sparkle of intense interest in Everett's eyes.

That evening, when the milking was all done, the chores tended to, and the bounteous company meal tucked away under expanding belts, the men-folks settled down for a chat together. Mr. Anderson told of his approaching government work in Minnesota, of the company he had brought together for that purpose—cooks, laborers, surveyors, helpers, et al. But he still needed a general utility man, who, though not a specialist in any one line, would be a willing worker. He quickly turned to Mr. Clough and said:

"Your son Everett is just the man I am looking for! I'll pay him twenty-five dollars a month in gold, guarantee his safety, and promise you that I shall look after him carefully and bring him safely back at the close of the season. The experience will be good for him, and I am sure you will want your boy to have a chance like this."

Everett's father refused, for he could not bear to see his family circle broken. Everett was a useful man on the farm, but so ambitious and masterly his father sensed that if he once got on his own resources he would never return to the parental roof. But John Everett was wild to go. It was just the chance he wanted in his outreach after a new experience. He urged his father, begged his mother, and besought his older brother, Cyrus, who respected Everett's ability very much, to talk in his favor. His mother and brother both spoke favorably, and finally his father half-heartedly consented.

It was an excited young man that went to bed that night, but there was little sleep for him, for his mind was on the venture of the morrow. Way into the night his good mother worked getting his clothes ready. Early next morning these clothes, packed into a two-bushel bag, were slung into one of the covered wagons, and the son swung onto the seat beside the driver, off for new adventures in the then little known land of Minnesota.

Northward the surveying caravan made its way and

veered occasionally to the west. As they moved toward the northwest plains, the settlers' cabins became fewer and fewer. Near the Iowa boundary only occasionally would one raise itself up like a sail above a dark green wave, as the grasses of spring carpeted the plains. By the evening of the tenth day they had crossed the northern frontier of Iowa and had left all settlements behind. There were no roads or wagon tracks to go by, only trails across the grassy plains, from which rose innumerable frightened prairie-hens, as the horses' hoofs pounded on. Frequently wolves and foxes looked them over from elevated ridges. When they passed by small groves of maples and oak, deer and elk were sighted. Eagerly Everett scanned the plains for buffaloes, but they had all been driven off far to the west by the Sioux hunters.

The party made its way along the Cedar River, and within a few days reached what Mr. Anderson designated as "our camp." Near this spot, which became their point of departure and center of activities, there was a small blockhouse or family fort, set up by a family of squatters, who were claiming the land for their very own. Around this blockhouse grew up the town of Austin. Everett's work here was that of an ordinary drudge in a surveying party—carrying the surveyor's chain, an axe, and a spade, and following those who marked the lines, set the stakes in the proper places. Mules carried the stakes or posts, but Clough toted the tools, tramping with them many

miles every day. At first it was very hard and wearisome, but in the course of a few weeks he got somewhat used to it. Another one of his responsibilities was to kill the rattlesnakes, which got on the lines at the rate of half a dozen a day.

At first the new venture was a thriller. The free life in the great open spaces, the abundance of fine food well cooked, the kindliness of all the men, especially of Mr. Anderson, and the feeling that he was doing a man's work away from home, gave him a sense of exaltation. In a few weeks, however, he suffered from a strange "all-gone" feeling that made him want to start for home at once; he probably would have done so had he known the trails and roads. There was no way of his hearing from the family or of communicating with them. He felt terribly ashamed to let his yearning to go home be known, lest he be considered unmanly, so he sulked and suffered in silence.

One day when the party had finished its work quite early in the afternoon, Mr. Anderson, having observed Clough's condition and knowing it would be hard for him to sit around unoccupied, sent him off to correct several posts which had been put in the wrong places. Everett did the task assigned to him, and realizing he was alone, or at least believing he was, just let himself go and cried like a four-year-old. It seemed such relief to him to "bawl" it out of his system when none of the gang could hear him and be tempted to

laugh at him. All at once he stopped crying for he sensed some one near. Turning quickly he saw a group of Sioux Indians on their ponies. They were half hidden by the overhanging foliage of a big burr-oak tree, and their war-feathers, paint, spears, and tomahawks were so interwoven with the limbs of the tree that their camouflage was exceedingly picturesque. For some reason they were on the war-path. Everett did not stop to inquire why; he felt his hair rising rapidly, his tools dropping suddenly, and he was off for camp three miles away. The Sioux gave a war-whoop at their discovery, and were likewise suddenly gone in the opposite direction. Clough was cured of his homesickness; it never returned. He completed this season as all-around utility man for the surveying party, returning home when the weather stopped the work.

Shortly after returning to spend the winter with his family he heard of the opening of a high school at a town about thirty miles from Strawberry Point, to which two of his friends were going. Since he purposed to do some studying this winter anyway, and since it was his fixed determination to fit himself for the law, he immediately became excited about the possibility of going to high school. He had been longing for an education for quite a few years, but the little district schools had not offered him very much. Of course he was not really ready for high school, but he determined to go just the same. His brother Cyrus

again argued for this move, and his parents readily consented. In a few days he was off for the high school at West Union thirty miles away. He walked that distance, taking with him some of the precious gold he had earned killing rattlesnakes, digging post-holes, and carrying axes and shovels on the plains of Minnesota.

The money he had with him was not enough to carry him through the winter, indeed there was not enough to pay anything on his board. Therefore as soon as he arrived in the high-school town he went immediately to the only good hotel and asked the proprietor if he could work for his board. He began his hotel career as a hewer of wood, drawer of water, maker of fires, and chambermaid for the cows and horses. For the performance of these tasks he had to get up early every morning, do some work around the hotel at noon, and be on hand for a third instalment each evening. In exchange for these little responsibilities he was accepted as a regular boarder, eating at the regular table with the guests. After several weeks the proprietor came to have great confidence in him, and left Clough in charge of the hostelry when he had to be absent. This experience of having to be mindful of the comfort of guests Clough treasured greatly, for in later years his compound in India often had a hundred or more guests, to whom he had to be host.

In his studies that winter he specialized eagerly in mathematics, for he had an ambition to be something

more than a hatchet-carrier when he should be with the surveying party the following summer. He also did some technical reading along lines that would help him up a notch in surveying. But he suffered dreadfully from lack of preliminary education, so much so that he did not get along well at first. This caused some people who were a bit slow in reading personalities to think he was not very promising, and to smile at the thought that young Clough planned some day to be a lawyer. It led the thoughtless principal of the school to remark that "in Clough a good farmer would be spoiled to make a poor lawyer." This was probably one of the bumps he needed to hit. But on the rebound he made up his mind to work harder than ever. In this resolve he was encouraged by the wife of the hotel proprietor, who was indignant at the discouraging comments of the principal. It humbled Clough considerably, and he often thought of it in later years, when he was tempted to discourage some Telugu lad who was ambitious to get a little education. It made him sympathetic even with some unpromising material.

With the coming of spring Everett Clough was again a member of Mr. Anderson's surveying party, working in Minnesota, but this time farther to the north. When Mr. Anderson heard that young Clough had been studying mathematics and some science in a high school during the past winter, he gave him a chance to apply his knowledge by putting a compass

in his hand, telling him how to use it, and by sending others with him to carry the axes and to dig holes. This was a step up, a decided one, and the eighteen-year-old man was scared as he started out on such an important task. He was to make sketches and notes of the first day's work and report that evening just what he had done so that Mr. Anderson could see if he had the right idea of surveying. Mr. Anderson very wisely let Clough alone for the first day to study the thing out by himself, thus lessening his embarrassment.

That night Mr. Anderson heard the report of the young surveyor's first day with as much of a thrill as Clough himself experienced, for he found his estimate of Clough established and his trust in him justified. After a few more days close observation of the youth's work, the camp was divided into two companies, one-half, or six men, being under Clough's leadership, the other under the lead of Mr. Anderson. Each evening the parties came together to check up, the youthful chief's work being gone over carefully for awhile. In the course of a few weeks the daily reports were merely nominal, for the head surveyor trusted Clough's judgment and results entirely, and he was left alone to head his surveying party until the approach of winter stopped the season's work.

After a dreary winter spent as storekeeper, our young surveyor began his third season with his former boss and companion about fifty miles north of the then

village of Minneapolis. This season the party was divided into two camps, which meant that Clough was in direct charge of a party in every respect. Of course this was not permissible unless the one in charge were a regular surveyor, for which the nineteen-year-old Clough was not yet of sufficient age. But Mr. Anderson had him sworn in as U. S. Deputy Surveyor to himself. John Everett received his official certificate as deputy to Mr. Anderson, the government surveyor, and felt very proud of it. Twenty years later he showed this United States certificate to the British officials in India, who were letting contracts for canal digging; it secured him a contract, which resulted in employment to keep his starving Christians alive, and indirectly in the great ingathering.

To the chief deputy, Clough, was given the work of surveying off the new lands into sections, while Mr. Anderson's crew laid out the meridian and township lines. The deputy hardly ever saw his chief, except for conference about once a month. One time Clough had a puzzling situation; the section lines did not come out right. After studying over the matter he wondered if his difficulty could be due to the chief's mistake. He then checked up on a township line and found a mistake. He sent a messenger through the wilderness to find Mr. Anderson, who sent back word he would come as soon as possible.

On another occasion a settler offered Clough a hundred dollars in gold if he would alter the lines slightly

so that they would pass along the boundary of his claim. He could have done this easily by shortening or lengthening the chain a bit, and the variation might not have been detected for years, but he could not bring himself to do this on account of his father having taught him to be absolutely honest in all his dealings. He laid the lines with mathematical exactness, in honor of his home training, and experienced infinitely more joy than one hundred dollars in gold could ever have given.

The season was brought to an abrupt close by a snow-storm, in which the homeward journey began. For a number of days they had to clear the snow off the ground before pitching the tents; just outside the tents they built great fires of logs, which burned all night long. On the way home they discussed plans for the following season, which was to be spent in the Dakotas. They were to go into the section of the State where no settlers had entered, to divide the new lands into townships and sections. They were to work in a territory where there were lakes and rivers, which type of work would call for a technical knowledge of a sort Clough did not possess. He would have to do a lot of figuring out angles and distances due to the water courses, and would need to know something of physical geography. Mr. Anderson advised him to study up on these subjects for the next season. This he was enabled to do, for he found a retired teacher of mathematics who lived on a farm not far from the

home of his parents. This teacher agreed to tutor Clough in the required subjects during the winter.

Hardly had Clough's fourth and last surveying season opened when Mr. Anderson received a message to come home on important business. Clough, a youth of twenty, was left in complete charge of the Government surveying party in the wilds of the Dakotas. There were no roads, no white settlers, nor any villages anywhere about. Clough had to send for supplies to a place a long way back, for he had full charge of buying supplies. To the nearest trading center it was a week's journey through forest and over rivers too deep to ford. The signs of life were, as in the first summer, Sioux and rattlesnakes.

The Sioux were on the war-path. A band of the tribe had murdered some forty settlers, and Uncle Sam had determined that the murderers should not go unpunished. The tribe had been tracked and overtaken by a detachment of United States regular troops from Fort Snelling, was compelled to give up the murderers, but was in an ugly mood. The soldiers started back to the fort with the prisoners, but were followed at a distance by skulking bands of Indians determined upon freeing their comrades. The surveying party had heard reports of these happenings but had heard nothing of the outcome. Vague and undetermined rumors floated in. One day, however, there was cannonading heard all day long and these sinister sounds of battle made all hands nervous. They re-

turned to the camp and discussed the situation, some feeling they should flee immediately to some settlement, others they should stay where they were and prepare for a fight. They planned a defense, setting sentinels for the night. Morning came, but no Indians. Shortly a half-breed arrived with some news. The United States commander, learning from his scouts that the Indians were planning to attack the soldiers, rescue the prisoners, and massacre all surveyors and settlers, established an armed camp on a knoll and fired a cannon every five minutes with blank cartridges as a warning to the Sioux. By nightfall the Indians, fearing an attack, had scattered.

With the coming of autumn the fourth season's surveying was concluded and the work finished. Young Clough had enjoyed his leadership and responsibility among these sixteen men, all older than himself. They worked faithfully for and with him, and respected his desires to have a high and clean type of life in their camp. It was a leadership training for which he clearly had the capacity, and from which he profited greatly. He paid the men their summer's wages, sold out the supplies, and started on a thousand-mile journey to Dubuque, Iowa, to report to Mr. Anderson and to pay over to him the money he had in his possession.

It was then necessary to write up the field notes of the summer's work into a report to be filed with the Surveyor-General in Washington. This was a task requiring several weeks' time, and a lot of patient work.

For this period Clough became a resident of the Anderson home and had the use of his chief's fine, roomy study, which intimacy with the Anderson household was fraught with decisive influences, as we shall presently see.

III

COLLEGES, CAREERS, AND CALLS

COLLEGES, CAREERS, AND CALLS

WHEN young Clough closed his surveying career in Mr. Anderson's study he felt that now the way was opened for him to carry out his intention to become a lawyer. He had some money on hand to go to school, and he sensed that at twenty-one years of age he must start immediately on this road to a career. It so happened that Mr. Anderson had a son who was just starting off for Burlington University, a strong Baptist school of the pioneer days located at Burlington, Iowa. Dr. G. J. Johnson, the pastor of the Baptist church in Burlington, was a good friend of Mr. Anderson, and often came to Dubuque, where he was always a welcome guest in the Anderson home. Therefore it was the most natural thing in the world that John Everett Clough should be going to a strongly denominational school, though he himself had no religious training or background. Mr. Anderson gave his young son into the care of Clough, as one would commit such a charge to an elder brother, for he had come to trust his deputy in an unusual way. A few minutes before the boat departed to transport them from Dubuque down toward Burlington he took from his pocket his own fine watch and handed it to Clough, earnestly saying, "Take this as memento of your faithfulness and of my affection for you."

The boys arrived after the school year had started, so they were of necessity separated and placed in rooms with other students. The fact that it was a pious sort of place did not bother Clough, for he figured he would not let that trouble him. He was assigned to a room with a student who was zealously devoted to religious observances, and assumed that Clough would read a chapter of the Bible and pray with him every evening before retiring. Clough frankly told him right at the start that he could be counted out on any religious exercise, for which he had no use. He even proposed drawing a chalk line through the middle of the room, on one side of which the pious student might pray, on the other of which Clough would study. Three days after Clough's entrance into the preparatory department of the University he met a theological student, who predicted frankly that Clough would become a Baptist minister. This provoked him at first, then amused him.

It so happened that the President of the University, Dr. L. B. Allen, taught a young men's Bible class in the Baptist Sunday school, and of course invited the new student to attend. This invitation Clough accepted as a common courtesy, but soon came to admire Doctor Allen very much and to enjoy staying to church to hear the stanch Doctor Johnson expound fervently the Baptist democratic principles, for that was the time of denominational controversy. After a few months the new student felt his skepticism

slipping, and began to lose some of the self-sufficiency he had reveled in for several years. His roommate noticed that something was worrying Clough, and suspecting that it was some difficulty pertaining to his lack of faith, prayed with renewed vigor for his conversion. It soon became very difficult for Clough to study while some one prayed; he felt disrespectful and restless during that time. Suddenly one evening he pushed the books aside and knelt with his roommate. The very next day the joyous roommate went to tell Pastor Johnson what had happened, and the good shepherd lost no time in calling on Clough. They had a wonderful talk together; an abiding faith in Christ swept into Clough's soul. He was baptized shortly afterward in the First Baptist Church of Burlington.

Clough took hold of his studies fairly well, and after two years in the preparatory department, was able to enter the sophomore class of the college. He specialized in mathematics, for he still had an affection for surveying which he thought, in the back of his mind, he might follow, should the legal bubble ever burst. When he entered the junior class Doctor Allen gave him the responsibility of teaching two classes in the preparatory department, which gave him an added income. This he needed badly, for his college career, after the first year, was quite a financial struggle. One time it seemed almost certain that he would have to leave school for a while, but he hung on, living for

months on graham bread, butter, and apples. In later years he thanked God for these experiences, for they enabled him to understand sympathetically the natives of India in their struggles against poverty to secure some education.

Although he had to push himself hard with his studies and do outside work to earn a living, he found some time to engage in church work. Into the factory district he went and gathered up a lot of children for a Sunday-school class, which he taught. He became active in the work of the mission, and once was called upon to preach there. His knees shook, his mind went blank, and in fifteen minutes he had to quit. He was provoked with himself, and with those who had asked him to preach, and was ready to pommel any one who dared suggest that he would ever be a minister.

In spite of this definite conviction that he could not and would not become a preacher, there swept into his soul a sort of undercurrent of doubt that he was going to be a lawyer. His vague dreams of being a politician or surveyor began likewise to appear to him as selfish desires of his own vanity. He got to thinking that he should surrender his life unselfishly for some Kingdom service, and should not try to run away from God. When he thought along these lines he felt a great peace in his soul, and these moments of peace seemed to him veritable calls of God. One day a missionary secretary came to the college and visited some of the fellows in their rooms, among them Clough. When the good

doctor left Clough, the latter felt intimately a call to be a foreign missionary.

Toward the end of his junior year, however, his school career was in a turmoil. Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and President Lincoln had issued a call for volunteers. Many of the students went off to war, most classes were broken up, and there was no graduating class. Clough went home to Strawberry Point to enlist from there. The folks, and especially his brother Cyrus, were dead set against his going, for they all knew how whole-heartedly and vigorously he went into things, and they visioned him plunging recklessly into dangers of battle, in his true John Everett style. Meanwhile two interesting situations developed to sidetrack his war enthusiasm. An order was issued stopping volunteering in Iowa, and calling for drafting: the draft did not include him. Also he had renewed his previous summer acquaintance with a pretty young school teacher at Strawberry Point, and was struck by her concern lest he should go to war. She was Harriet Sunderland, born and educated in England, but recently having come to America. As they talked things over together during their summer-evening strolls, she told of her great interest in the work of foreign missions, and of her secret ambition to go out some day as a missionary. Many things were drawing them together, so much so that they were engaged with characteristic Clough dispatch and promptly married, July 15, 1861.

Shortly after the wedding Cyrus told his newly married brother that the family was ready to stake him for his senior year in college, provided he would fit himself into the family plans. He was to enter Upper Iowa University, only twenty miles away, which had been recently opened. His wife and his sister Vina were to go to college likewise, and the three were to form a family party with light housekeeping arrangements. The family kept their part of the agreement by sending wagons with furniture, wood, and farm produce for the "larder," and also contributed toward the rent. Clough kept his part and had a very happy, quiet, and profitable year in his second college, and was graduated the following June with the Bachelor of Arts degree.

This commencement was a real one, indeed, the commencement of a struggle of soul that kept Clough in mental anguish for months. For ten years he had been driven on through the great hardships of preparation with one vivid ambition in mind—that of becoming a lawyer and then a public man of distinction. To this end he had struggled onward, stumbling and rising to press on, till he had reached the very threshold over which he should step to begin the study of law. Now an unseen hand holds him back; it beckons him to turn from selfish ambition and enter a theological seminary to study for the Christian ministry. To be sure he had had at least two calls which seemed to point, the one to the ministry, the other to the missionary service, but he was too uncertain of mind and heart

to make a decisive move, so accepted a position as public-school teacher at Colesburg, Iowa.

In this community he sprang to instant popularity, and within a few months was a recognized leader. He was made foreman of the town's fifteen delegates to the Republican County convention, and dominated that convention so completely as to name most of the county officers. Some one nominated him for county surveyor, and it looked as if he would soon enter politics as a career. Several of the older leaders, however, becoming fearful of the rising young dictator, combined against him and brought about his defeat. A prominent minister of Iowa, who sat in that convention relates that, knowing Clough's capacity for a political career, and fearing he might be lost to the ministry, he worked and prayed with all his might for Clough's defeat, and thanked God for it.

This experience increased his restlessness and dissatisfaction, and he resigned from his school. The community rose *en masse* to insist on his remaining and offered him any salary he might name, but to no avail. He then took the advice of his old friend, Doctor Johnson, and accepted appointment as a colporter for The American Baptist Publication Society, a temporary task until such a time as he could settle down at the voice of some distinct call. In this he was happy, for it was Christian work, he liked it, and he felt a certain sense of peace in recognizing it as a temporary and transitional job. He had made a truce with himself,

and spent the time of his armistice in doing God's work. He served as colporter in northern Iowa, going from village to village, or from farm to farm, as a member of that pioneer Christian force then busy in evangelizing the new West. As he went about he developed his own methods of reaching the people, approaching them in their homes with a tract and a gospel message, and holding meetings in farm homes to which a neighborhood was invited. The methods he formed here later stood him in good stead when he became a Christian messenger to the villages and families of India.

The temporary peace of his colporter career was broken by a tempting call to become principal of a collegiate institute, at a salary twice the size of what the Publication Society was paying him. But he had a return of that agony of soul lest he should find himself in the wrong place again, and speedily declined, Mrs. Clough sharing the same feeling with him, and likewise thinking that God might some day open the way for them to be foreign missionaries. Shortly after this decision Clough was in a convention in Davenport, Iowa, when Doctor Dean, missionary to the Chinese in Bangkok, Siam, was giving an address, in which he pleaded for an assistant. A light suddenly flashed into Clough's soul and created a sort of uplifting joy, or ecstasy. He said excitedly, half aloud, "That's my call!"

A great happiness came to him as he saw his calls

to be a lawyer and statesman, great surveyor, college president, and minister, slip away for all time. In his mind the die was cast; it was a divine moment of decision which unified his life. Henceforth he was to be a missionary. He told his experiences to three men who confirmed his call and helped him to relate himself to the denomination's agency for sending out missionaries to foreign fields. One of these men was Elder Asa Chapin, who wrote to the Executive Committee, and who introduced John Everett by correspondence to one who became his lifelong counselor and friend —Dr. Jonah G. Warren, secretary to the Foreign Board.

Meanwhile the summer of 1864 had come, and Clough had taken a month's leave of absence from his work to help his family get in the harvest, for help was scarce on account of the men drawn off for the war. One day he was standing on a four-horse reaper raking off the heavy grain, when some one brought to him a letter from Doctor Warren, asking that he come to Boston immediately to meet with the Executive Committee of the Foreign Mission Society. Like that sturdy old Roman Cincinnatus, who left his plow standing in the field to go at the call of his country, the redoubtable bronzed Iowa farmer dropped the reins at the call of the Kingdom of God and journeyed east. The pressing harvest of Western grain fields was little to him in comparison with the great fields of God spread throughout the Far East, and ripe indeed unto

the harvest. Not that he liked the hard work of his earthly fields less, but that he craved more the peace of God in finding his true life-work, and in getting at it. Few knew why neighbor Clough left hastily for Boston; his wife was jubilant with understanding, and, hugging her little son, she whispered into his uncomprehending ear, "Daddy's going to be a missionary."

August 2, 1864, he met the committee, dealing especially with its Executive Secretary, Doctor Warren, whom he came to admire and love upon his first personal meeting. He was informed that an assistant had been sent out with Doctor Dean, but that the committee had considered him a suitable man for the Telugu mission. "The Telugu mission! Where and what was that?" As far as Clough knew it might be the name of an Indian tribe in South America, or a new breakfast food.

Doctor Warren took an hour to tell the history of that most baffling and disappointing of all mission fields. It was born in the same year as Clough was, 1836, lived in poverty most of the time, and had struggled vainly, apparently without getting anywhere. These were about all Clough and the Telugu mission had in common. This Telugu mission, referred to as the "Forlorn Hope," was founded by Rev. S. S. Day, who worked long and faithfully at its tasks, and who had a profound conviction that it would some day be a fountain of great blessing to the Kingdom of God. Van Husen, Jewett, and Douglass had likewise been

missionaries there, but there was only one station still, that at Nellore, with a church of about thirty members. Three times the matter of closing this mission had been up, but each time the fatal step was postponed, in each case dramatically. In one case Missionary Day, home recovering his health, broken in India, plead for the life of the mission. Dr. William R. Williams, reporting for a special committee investigating the field, said, "Destroy it not, for there is a blessing in it." At another time the threat was made to close the mission and send the missionaries across the bay to Burma: Jewett's reply to this was "Lyman Jewett will stay and work by himself with the Telugus." It was Lyman Jewett who is known to have said repeatedly, "God has much people among the Telugus."

At the annual denominational meeting in 1853 opinion was again crystallizing for the closing of the mission. Over the pulpit hung a map with stars on it representing foreign-mission stations in the Orient, a group of stars on one side of the Bay of Bengal, others scattered about, and on the South India side a single star. In the discussion some one referred to this as "The Lone Star." The phrase caught the imagination of a Baptist minister-poet sitting as a delegate in the meeting—Dr. Samuel F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." That night he wrote the renowned "Lone Star" verses, the first four lines of which are:

Shine on, "Lone Star"! Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

When these lines were read next morning the audience caught the vision of the poet and wept. They voted to a man to keep the Telugu mission, and the prophetic hopes of consecrated souls were realized. The mission lived, and was now ready for the impact of the mighty, restless Clough, himself now ready for his lifework and ready to crystallize into action the hopes and prayers of the prophets of God, who foresaw the multitudes coming out of the darkness of India into the light of Christ.

When the Executive Committee asked Clough if he would go to this "Despair of Missionaries," he replied that he stood ready to go wherever he was needed most. To the Telugus he was appointed, and designated to be a helper to Doctor Jewett. After his acceptance of this appointment to the discouraging work of this "Forlorn Hope," the committee questioned Clough in this manner:

"Suppose in the view of the financial depression we should have to decide not to send you to the Telugus, what would you do?"

"I should have to find some other way of getting there," was his instant come-back. Just as soon as he was appointed to the Telugus he was not willing to abandon them. He stuck to them through life, and

they to him. He came away from Boston supremely happy, for the conflict of careers and calls was at an end, and he was at peace with himself and with God.

When the happy missionary arrived on the Iowa farm again, there were amazement and anger in the family circle and neighborhood. Only his wife and sister Vina seemed to understand. His mother was sad and silent. His brothers and sister Jane thought him crazy, and said angrily, "You have thrown your life away." All his year-and-half-old son could say about the fuss was "Da-Da."

When the leading Iowa Baptists heard of the appointment they were deeply stirred, and wanted to have a hand in the great event of the going forth of one of their sons to the foreign field. In that day missionaries were scarce, and it was a notable event when some promising young man was willing to leave home and friends to go to the then distant other side of the earth for Christ's sake. His ordination, held in Burlington, Iowa, November 19 and 20, 1864, was an outstanding event in the religious life of the State. Dr. Nathaniel Culver, conspicuous Baptist leader of the time, came from Chicago for the occasion. Dr. G. J. Johnson, who had baptized Clough seven years before, came up from St. Louis to give the new minister-missionary the welcoming hand of fellowship, and called it a great moment in his life. The Baptists of Iowa sent Clough to India with warm hearts, and stood by him during his years of trials and triumphs.

IV

ON THE GO TO ONGOLE

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Boston, Nov. 20, 1864.

Send Clough immediately Boston
India ship sails in three days.

(signed) Warren.

This was in substance the dramatic telegram which came to Doctor Allen, chairman of the committee of arrangements for Clough's ordination, on the second day of the festivities, throwing a big thrill into the proceedings. All was excitement now, for the young hero was actually to be on his way in a few hours, whereas he had expected to have to wait some time before sailing. A hasty consultation was held, and it was decided that the very next morning the Cloughs should take the train east.

Their outfit being prepared by the churches of Iowa had to be left behind. Some of their personal baggage could not be made ready, so was ordered shipped, immediately following them. The next morning, in the gray darkness just before the dawn they were ferried across the Mississippi, amid the floating ice of approaching winter, and escorted to the early train for Chicago. Traveling with Reverend and Mrs. Clough and their little son, Allen, were Doctors Osgood and Colver, returning from the ordination service. Their presence proved a blessing to the outgoing mission-

aries, for both were great men of God, consumed with the missionary passion. That evening at Chicago when they saw the Cloughs on the train east, the patriarchal Doctor Colver took both Clough's hands in his, saying solemnly and prophetically:

"Brother Clough, I believe that God from all eternity has chosen you to be a missionary to the Telugus. . . . Remember that you are invulnerable until your work is done." This last thought constituted more than a benediction; it was a spiritual anointing. It not only thrilled him at the moment as the gong of the train clanged for departure, but it sustained him later in many trying and dangerous hours. "You are invulnerable until—your work is—done." Thus was the destined "man for Ongole" started on the go for Ongole, but it took him nearly two years to reach his goal.

One day was already gone. Could they reach Boston on time? was the anxious query that worried the Cloughs as the train pulled out of Chicago. They were reassured by the train crew that the trip could be made in plenty of time, unless something unusual happened. But the unusual always has a way of happening: heavy snow-storms in western New York threw all trains way off connections and schedules. It was an anxious pair that pulled into Boston on the late afternoon of the third day from Iowa, greeting Doctor Warren before even a civil word could be exchanged by the question, "Is the ship here yet?" The Secretary

laughed at their excitement, and then hastened to explain that the crew had run away the night before and that the ship would probably be delayed several days till a new crew could be secured.

The James Guthrie, a little 800-ton sailing ship carrying merchandise for India, weighed anchor off Boston harbor November 30, 1864, and did not arrive in India until the following spring. It was a Northern ship under the captaincy of a "hard-boiled" old salt of Swedish extraction. He cared little for religion and less for missionaries. The only four passengers were the three Cloughs and Doctor Jewett, returning to his post as missionary in Nellore.

One morning Clough noted that the Stars and Stripes had disappeared from the masthead, and the Union Jack of Great Britain was flying in the breeze. Upon indignant inquiries he was told that the renowned Southern privateer, the Alabama, under Captain Semmes, was cruising the ocean in that vicinity to capture Northern ships, and the change of flags was a protection to fool the enemy. Clough objected strenuously to this sailing under false colors, but the captain had his way, and Clough retired from the scene under a barrage of the captain's choicest profanity. The trip around the Cape to India was a good initiation for Clough into a new kind of hardship. The little merchant tub rolled and pitched unmercifully: one time they were in the midst of a real cyclone, and for a number of hours it seemed as if the ship could not sur-

vive. Mrs. Clough was sick a good share of the time on this four-months voyage; indeed it was a "ship of hardship." When they were able to eat, their fare was corn-meal mush with molasses, and sometimes potatoes.

There were many days, however, when it was enjoyable to sit on deck and think about the strange world into which they were going. Doctor Jewett, who was returning to the work among his beloved Telugus, never tired of telling about his experiences, and Clough was an eager listener. In this way he took his first lessons in foreign-missionary work, and was influenced mightily at the very start by this accomplished teacher, whom he came to love dearly. Jewett's sixteen years of experience became the background from which Clough's forty years of activity emerged. When they had talked themselves deeply into the history and development of the work among the Telugus, Doctor Jewett began to open his heart to the young learner in regard to his hopes for the future. He told about the desire to open up a station in Ongole, which lies to the north of Nellore, and start a great work there: he told him how he had prayed for the "man for Ongole" to be sent, and how he had even bought a piece of land, against the judgment of the Home Board, using his own money. The youth caught the vision of the possibility of taking this heathen land for Christ, and determined that the vision of the faithful Jewett should be transformed into a reality. Clough was a man of action, thought in terms of

achievement, and worked toward definite ends. He too, began to pray for the "man for Ongole," little realizing how dramatically he was to be the answer to his own petition.

Late in March, 1865, the ship cast anchor off the port of Madras, India, and shortly the missionary group was being entertained by friends of Doctor Jewett living at that port. After three weeks rest and visitation in Madras the little party went on its journey to the mission compound in Nellore, one hundred and seven miles away. This journey in those days was made in springless bullock-carts, which traveled by night to avoid the heat of the day. The journey of necessity was made by slow stages, the carts covering about thirty miles a night. The hot part of the day was spent in rest-houses by the roadside. April 22, 1865, they made their entry into Nellore, amid the shouts of welcome from the thirty native Christians, who were happy to have beloved Doctor Jewett return to them, and glad that he had brought a young man to help. But they were probably more interested in baby Allen Clough, for a white child was quite a novelty to them.

The Nellore district was about one hundred and seventy miles long, seventy miles wide, and was estimated to have nearly a million people. The town of Nellore, sixteen miles from the sea, on the south bank of the river Pennar, had about twenty thousand inhabitants and was an important travel and trade center,

for it was the headquarters of the district officials. Travelers about to enter the city paused to rest a while in the shade of the beautiful trees and flowering shrubs which surrounded the Mission compound, situated close to a frequented highway, or they paused to chat about the new religion with a group of people tarrying in the thatch-covered chapel close to the road.

To this beautiful compound, the house for which was built by Missionary Day in 1841 upon eight acres of ground granted by the British Government, Doctor Jewett brought the Cloughs. Mrs. Clough immediately set up housekeeping, and this became their home while they began the study of the Telugu language in dead earnest. Meanwhile inquirers came to consult with Doctor Jewett, native evangelists came for direction and help, and travelers from distant parts dropped in to see the white missionaries of whom they had heard. Clough was always on the lookout for openings to try the new words he had learned, and before many months was able to carry on quite a conversation with the natives. He would learn in Telugu certain passages of Scripture and quote them in an effort to win converts, so eager and impatient was he to be at the work he came to India to do. His zeal and enthusiasm manifested in this way was a big factor in the success of the Nellore work that year. He talked in big terms of what was going to be done, and was always impatiently restless in discussing the slow missionary methods then in vogue.

Meanwhile he came to have a profound love and respect for his missionary teacher, Jewett, who won Clough and every one else by his gentle and Christlike nature. Clough recognized he lacked this attitude towards folks, and tried hard to learn from the fatherly Jewett. So often, though, he forgot his good resolves. One day they were by the riverside together, Doctor Jewett preaching to a group of natives, Clough standing near-by listening. A young native was on the outskirts of the group trying to create a disturbance by laughing loudly and clapping his hands. Jewett refused to be ruffled and went on in a fine spirit of patience. But Clough grew quite angry, largely, he related afterward, because he could not allow disrespect for Doctor Jewett. He slipped around to where the fellow was standing. "Sock," the group suddenly heard: the native disturber was "blurb-blurbing," and pulling himself out of the river.

Clough's theory was that a missionary should be extremely active in his efforts to get in touch with the people. He was not content to sit in his bungalow studying and coming out at the proper times to conduct the regular services. He wanted to "break forth" in all directions. In this he was encouraged by Doctor Warren of the home office in Boston, who had told him and subsequently written him, "Move among the people, get acquainted with them, draw them to you." This frame of mind had been trained into him in his work as colporter in Iowa. As in those days he had

used tracts, so now he felt the need of tracts, and, with the help of his language teacher, wrote one called *Where are You Going?* This and a larger one he worked on and finished later, *Messages for All,* became the tools he and his native helpers used for the next several years. When the annual temple festival was held in Nellore, Clough took a thousand of these tracts and gave them out one by one. As a result of this activity conversions to Christianity followed.

The new missionary had attracted the attention of a group of Brahman young men, probably because they wanted to talk English with him, but also because Clough was himself young and vigorous. They appreciated his friendliness and interest in them to such an extent that they listened to his message about Jesus. Two of the group were genuinely converted and requested Christian baptism. They were duly examined, and, their request being granted, the time of baptism was set and announced.

Instantly a storm of protest arose, and great excitement prevailed in Nellore. The native Christians were not high-caste peoples, most of them being from the Sudra, or farmer caste. It was a terrible thing that these Brahmans, the leading, wealthy, and influential caste, should stoop to defy conventionalities and be willing to associate religiously with low-caste peoples. The families of these young men, who had been friendly with Clough, forbade them to visit him further. One of those requesting baptism was sent to a distant

city, and the other locked up and guarded carefully, being subject to petty persecutions and dragged to the river to say the conventional heathen prayers. The highest native official in Nellore, the *tahsildar,* himself of course a Brahman, issued an edict that no Brahman should visit the mission compound or read mission books. Although this edict was illegal, he justified it by saying that he did it to prevent mob action and possible bloodshed. In this he was probably right.

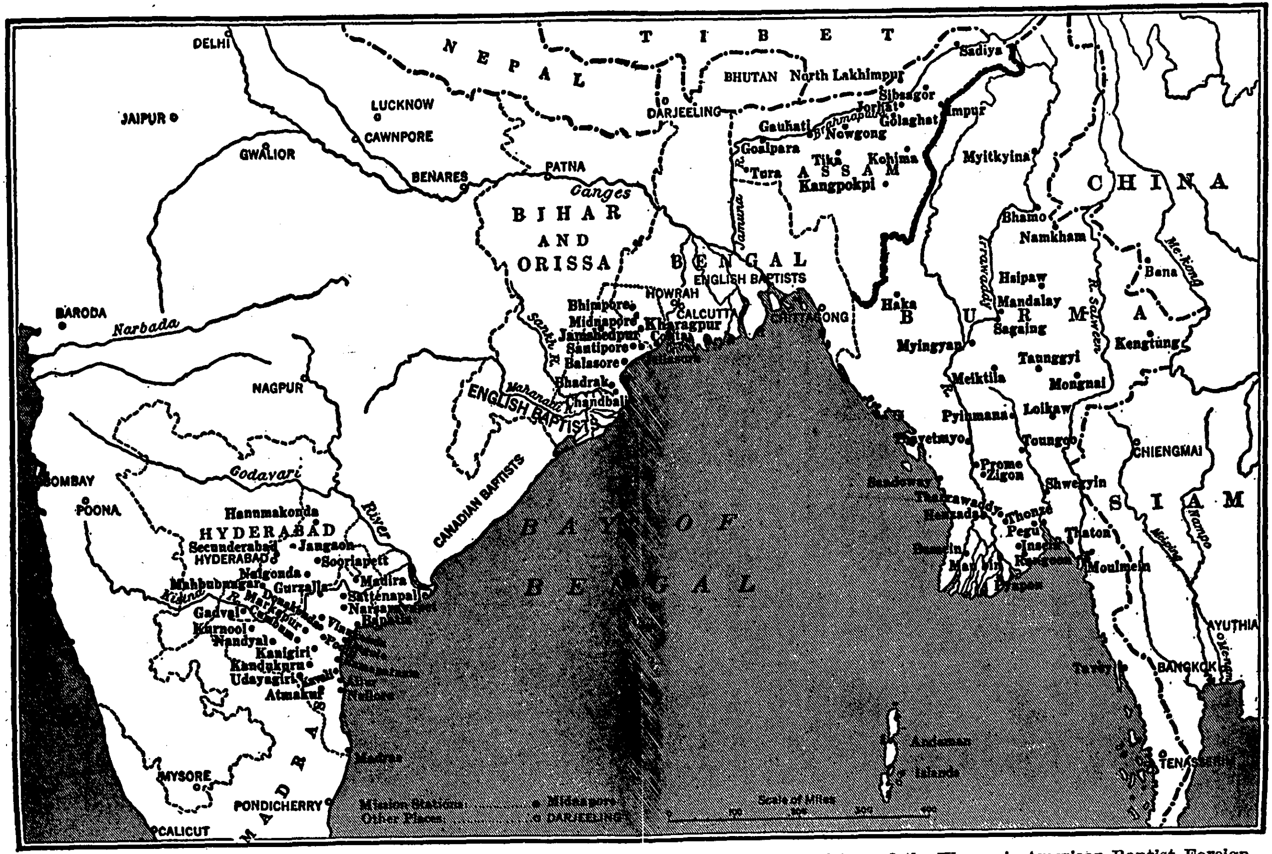
At the same time this "wail" from the top was being encountered, a most unusual letter came from a man who resided near Ongole, a Madiga, or outcaste. It was a voice from the bottom heard through the din at the top, and it grew into the sound of a rushing, mighty wind. Yerraguntla Periah was the writer: learn this strange name, for you cannot understand the great events that were destined to occur without meeting his personality and influence. The letter was an inquiry about Christianity, and it was the kind of an inquiry that would come from a man in dead earnest, who already had some ideas and convictions on the subject. But the situation was perplexing, for there were no outcaste Madigas in the Nellore church. What would happen if one or more presented themselves for membership? Difficulty from the other end offered itself. Truly the trials of the missionary were terrible!

The coming of the letter from near Ongole focused the attention on that city and made the missionaries

decide to take a journey there. Doctor Jewett had been anxious to have Clough see it, and Clough was equally restive, so they made a hasty preparation, and were soon off on a tour, which took them as far as Ongole. They went by way of the seacoast, halting to preach at Allur and Ramapatnam, at both of which places they were anxious to have mission stations some day soon. These two places were in the territory between Nellore and Ongole, and were places the missionaries were much concerned about, for a missionary society to the south had expressed the desire of working there, if the Northern Baptists were not going to open up stations. Jewett and Clough asked them not to occupy this territory for the present.

The arrival at Ongole was fraught with many thrills, for they had been making up their minds as they covered the territory from Nellore to Ongole that it must be within their field, and to bring this about Ongole must be speedily occupied. Ongole was a strategic point in many ways. The English magistrates were located here: three main highways began here, and the great Madras to Calcutta road went through it. There was no other city of its size within a distance of fifty miles. The compound of eleven acres, which Doctor Jewett's foresight had secured, gave a place to start from. On the compound was a four-room bungalow with thatch-covered verandas.

Then there was "Prayer-meeting" Hill to be visited, for Clough was anxious to see the spot where



Map of British India Showing Mission Fields of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in Burma, Assam, Bengal-Orissa, and South India

that memorable meeting had been held at sunrise on New Year's Day, 1854. At that time Doctor Jewett and his helpers had been on tour and had spent the last days of 1853 in Ongole. The party had decided on a New Year's prayer-meeting and selected this hill just outside the town for the place. After this prayer-meeting, in which all had taken some part aside from the singing, Doctor Jewett arose and spoke:

"Do you see that rising bit of ground yonder, all covered with prickly pear? Would you not like that spot for our mission bungalow and all this land to become Christian? How would you like it? Well, Nursu, Julia, that day will come."

The first part of the prophecy was already fulfilled, for an English officer had built the bungalow there and had subsequently sold it to Jewett for a modest sum. The foundations for the second part of the prophecy's fulfilment were laid by Clough, the "Man for Ongole," though he was just receiving a faint glimmer of this possibility on that day.

From Ongole word was sent to the inquirer, Yerraguntla Periah, who lived in Tallakondapaud, forty miles away, to come to Ongole. Doctor Jewett remained behind to talk with him, and spent several days teaching him about Christ and hearing from him the story of his life. He was a personality with a spiritual history, and there was absolutely no doubt as to his sincerity in coming to Christ. Periah was brought up in the forms of worship common in the

Madiga villages—serpent-worship, demon-worship, etc. After coming to manhood he sought training in the practise of *yoga,* and received instruction from an elderly woman of their neighborhood. She was a caste woman, but for some reason let Periah come to her house for instruction, though the owner of the house she occupied objected so strenuously she had to move. She initiated him into the secret and sacred yoga practises, and thus he became a *guru,* which gave him standing and distinction among his people.

He carried the guru staff and spent an hour or more daily sitting alone, eyes closed in meditation, seeking soul-union with the ever-present Divine Being. He maintained the high moral standard required of the true *yogi,* and was a guru, who taught the people in whatever village he happened to visit. They gave him food to eat and welcomed his teaching. After he had been a Christian preacher for many years, he still remained silent about what he had learned in his secret initiation, and spoke well of his guru practises. "What the teacher of yoga told me was good. But nothing satisfied my soul until I heard of Jesus Christ."

Doctor Jewett was greatly impressed by the life-story, faith, and intelligence of both Periah and his wife, and was ready in a moment to baptize them. The little company of believers went to a tank two miles away and as the sun was going down these two rejoicing candidates, Yerraguntla Periah and his wife received Christian baptism—the first of the Madigas.

Two months later three of the Nellore preachers went on a tour to the territory including Periah's village. They found Periah really on fire with zeal for his new-found faith, and consuming to tell others about it everywhere. He urged the preachers to go from place to place to meet his friends, with whom he had talked about Christ, and kept them moving faster than even they could stand. He roused them very early, even before daybreak, that they might go to distant villages, and himself carried a pot of buttermilk on his head that they might drink when thirsty, for it was the hottest season of the year. To find him so eager in his desire to preach inspired them deeply, and their labors were greatly blessed. These preachers returned from this intensive tour with the most glowing reports about the scores of Christian believers in and around the region of Tallakondapaud.

These were happy moments in the lives of the missionaries. There was a stirring near Ongole, and one of the missionaries must go there. Clough was on fire to go. Doctor Jewett had thought somewhat of going himself, but gave way frankly to Clough, at least to the extent of leaving the matter up to the Board in Boston, permitting Clough to state his case to Doctor Warren, which he did in these words:

"Lastly, I must confess that I have a little ambition to see if the Lord will not bless my labors in India. If I work here I may build on other men's foundation. This Paul was not anxious to do. If you send me to

Ongole, a great wilderness will be before me. If I succeed, to God will be the glory. If I fail, it will show that I am not in the right place."

The letter took two months to reach Boston. The answer came as follows:

"I have long been looking with a covetous eye upon Ongole, and hoping the time would come when we should be able to occupy it as a mission station, and locate a missionary there. That time, I am happy to believe, draws nigh. The Executive Committee are with me fully in that opinion, and so placed themselves on record yesterday. It only remains that you, in accordance with this vote, go forward and execute it."

The die was cast; officially Clough became the "man for Ongole." The Nellore staff of six workers was divided, three remaining, and three, Tupili Rungiah, Ezra, Lutchmiah, with their families, going with Clough to Ongole. It was a great event when the day of departure came. The native Christians gathered around and wept farewells, for they had come to love the Cloughs. Clough could not speak his farewell to Jewett, for his heart was too full at the sense of fine fellowship they had had in the nearly two years of constant daily contact. Jewett had been a father to him, and had given way for him in this great opportunity. It was thirteen years since Jewett had begun to pray for the "man for Ongole." Now that man was going there, and Jewett had trained him! Little did either realize that day that in thirteen years more

the Ongole church would number thirteen thousand members!

September 17, 1866, the party of workers destined for Ongole arrived in sight of Prayer-meeting Hill, and before long were halting in front of the mission bungalow—at home in Ongole. Clough felt a peculiar sense of exaltation as he dismounted from his pony and suddenly realized that he had come now to *his* work! He was just thirty years of age—the same age at which our Lord began his ministry—trained in many, various ways to meet the special problems that would arise, and equipped physically, mentally, and spiritually to spend and be spent for nearly forty years to lead to Christ the "multitudes of the elect" God had among the outcaste millions. Thus the Moses of the Madigas entered his field of labor.

V

MADIGA DHORA

MADIGA DHORA

WITH characteristic energy and enthusiasm Clough proceeded immediately to get the compound in shape for the work he expected to do. The bungalow was repaired and houses erected for the preachers, who came to the new station with him. Scarcely were these tasks attended to when he set to work building a chapel and schoolhouse combined, most of the cost of which he himself had to raise by subscriptions in India. He did not wait until these things were done before engaging in missionary work, but set out immediately to master the situation with the forces at hand, and to gather in some converts. Mrs. Clough opened a school on the veranda of the compound, having ten pupils in it. Clough and his preachers preached in the streets and bazaars of Ongole, and in the surrounding villages.

One of the buildings they found on the compound was the shack of Obulu, around which there clustered some interesting associations. About eight years before this, when Doctor Jewett was on tour and preaching in Ongole, one of his converts was this Obulu, who became a very loyal, devoted, and expectant Christian. He built a little hut on the corner of the compound and waited the day when a missionary should come to reside there and preach continuously in Ongole. Of

course neither he nor Jewett thought at first that it would be so long; subsequently he began to feel it might be years, and like Simeon of old, in the days of Christ, waited and prayed earnestly and regularly for the coming of a missionary. When the Jewetts had left for America he walked all the way to Madras and begged them to bring back a missionary for Ongole.

One day there came a tall, earnest-looking stranger to the compound; he leaned upon a guru staff, the sign that he was an initiated holy man, and inquired of Obulu, " Where is the White Teacher that is coming to Ongole? " Their hearts immediately beat as one, for both saw in each other a kindred seeking soul looking for a new day. The inquirer was none other than Yerraguntla Periah from Tallakondapaud. Obulu explained to him as best he could that the White Teacher was not yet come, but that at Nellore was one who visited Ongole occasionally, and when he came visited in the home of an overseer of public works. To this overseer Periah went and said bluntly, but reverently, " I believe in Jesus Christ and want Christian fellowship." Then and there was written the letter which brought Jewett and Clough on their visit to Ongole, and subsequently the " man for Ongole " to Ongole. In years to come Periah often said, " I called Clough Dhora and he came."

Scarcely had the little group of workers settled in Ongole, when Periah came to look on and express his joy. He felt that great days were ahead, and he stood

around beaming and looking on things being done as shadows of coming events. On one of these trips to the compound he brought a young relative with him, Bezwada Paul, whom Clough liked and admired as a boy of ability. Clough found a job for Paul about the compound, and arranged for him to go to school on the veranda.

Every chance Periah got he emphasized to Clough that there were believers in Tallakondapaud, and that Clough should come out and baptize them. He would not hear to bringing them to Ongole as Clough urged, for he had his mind set on having the missionary visit his people in their villages. It was the Indian way of doing, and it was a spectacular way, for the news of the missionary's visit and baptizing would be gossiped over the whole countryside. With much misgiving as to the wisdom of the trip Clough went.

Near-by Tallakondapaud, in a tamarind grove, Clough and his preachers pitched their tents, and started a five-day series of meetings, which proved thrilling and unforgettable. About forty people came to sit before the tent, having with them provisions for several days. They said they believed in Christ, knew many things about him, but wanted to know more, and to be baptized. There was much Bible reading, preaching, and prayer by Clough and his preachers. There was a mighty wave of enthusiasm generated; the people developed a great faith, strong but simple. The reading of the last two chapters of Matthew would

bring tears and sobs to many. Clough wrote to the Board at home:

"I have seen many revivals at home, but I never saw such a blessed time as this . . . these meetings made many think that another day of Pentecost was being given us."

At the end of the fifth day Clough baptized twenty-eight in the river not far away, among this number, Bezwada Paul, who had come along with the party from the compound, to be baptized among his own people. In this group of twenty-eight was another lad, to whom Clough was attracted immediately—Baddepudy Abraham. To him Clough said, as Christ of old to Matthew, "Come with me." He replied immediately, "I will come." He came to the compound, went to school a bit, and became, with Paul, one of Clough's faithful helpers, and one of the great evangelists of the ingathering. Abraham and the others always harked back to these glorious days, and one in later life said, "Never again was our *bhakti* [devotion] as it was in those days." Others of the twenty-eight were fine workers and leaders, and all looked back with pride to this notable beginning. In later times it was a distinction to have been one of the original twenty-eight, for they had participated in and initiated a wonderful movement. Clough was in the midst as a mighty patriarch, a true man of God, with faith in himself as God's chosen person for this purpose, with strength of character to command the situation, and

with plenty of native ability to marshal these forces for the beginning of a movement. He went right ahead, nothing doubting, and these Madiga leaders followed his leadership implicitly.

The first thing he did was to fix a working agreement with Periah, whose natural leadership and influence among the people he had readily observed during this visit and meeting. His first-hand observation coincided with what the native preachers had reported. He asked Periah to give up all leather work and devote his entire time to preaching. Periah had to be clothed and fed, but he did not want it on a salary basis, for that would upset his spiritual relationship to his admired teacher, Clough. It was decided that when Periah went among the people who knew and trusted him as a spiritual guide they, the people, should give him to eat, after the manner of the Hindu guru, but that when Clough sent him on distant trips where the people did not know him, or were inclined to be hostile, Clough should provide his support. Twice a year also Clough provided new garments for him, presenting them as gifts. This practise became that commonly followed in the case of the other native preachers. Periah and Clough came to have a peculiar relationship and influence upon each other, which continued unbroken through the years. Periah, a personality in himself, looked up to, and admired Clough always. Clough recognized Periah's spiritual capacity and native ability, and from him learned much about

the approach to the natives. He influenced Clough to let the new Christian movement develop along Indian lines. Periah was over twenty years older than Clough, but lived to a ripe old age. He never failed Clough in any respect, which of course is evidence not only of Periah's loyalty and reliability, but of Clough's commanding personality and sincere religious faith.

The party of missionary workers made its way back to Ongole, tired from the strain of the tour, but happy withal in the outcome of the meetings in Tallakondapaud. Clough had a strange sense of exaltation, and could hardly wait to return with the report to his wife, and to write an account of it for transmission to the Board in Boston. He began to feel that he had found his work and that he was entering upon his real calling. His sense of divine commission was strong upon him, and he sensed that the "multitude of the elect" would soon be stepping out of heathenism into the glorious light of the Cross! As he wended his way happily homeward he began to lay plans for the coming of many converts of all classes, and worked out his ideas as to how he should train and organize them. He directed his preachers and helpers like a king, and they obeyed him gladly. Upon his return to the mission bungalow, there was a period of intense activity, for people were coming and going continuously on all sorts of errands. Clough's manner and personality were attractive to the natives. He had a good sense of humor, the ability to command graciously, and a

democratic air, which made it easy for the natives to approach him. They liked him and talked about him and his new religion far and wide. Natives came to see the White Teacher, to have a few words with him, and returned to tell their friends in the villages what a great religious teacher he was. The low-caste and out-caste peoples he received gladly, which was a treat to them, as they were not allowed to come within ten feet of the Brahmans, their masters and social superiors. Madigas, the lowest of the outcastes, the workers in leather, who purchased the hides of dead animals, and often ate the refuse, came to call upon Clough.

This growing popularity of the foreigner awakened the jealousy of the Brahman leaders in Ongole, and also of some of the other caste people, who resented his ignoring of the caste lines. They stoned him when he went to preach in the bazaars, and threatened him in other ways. They began to talk of his receiving outcastes into the church, but had not yet realized any more than he had, that the mission was being swung rapidly in the direction of these lowest of outcastes.

Meanwhile word had come from the village of Talla-kondapaud that the newly baptized Christians were in all sorts of trouble. They were forbidden to enter the bazaar to carry on business, were not allowed to draw water from the public wells, nor to walk on the village streets—they had to submit to all sorts of persecutions. When some of the cattle of the village died of disease the Christians were arrested on the charge

of causing this catastrophe. Clough addressed a strong letter to the submagistrate of that territory demanding that these persecutions stop: there was rest from them for a while.

The principal difficulty, which brought such sorrow to Clough, was that he did not fully comprehend the force of "caste" in the life of the people. He knew about it, and thought he understood, but did not at first realize its hold upon them. One day, however, while passing through the Ongole bazaar he saw an elderly woman lying by the side of the road, uncared for and scorned. At a glance he saw that she was a woman of some standing. He placed her on a mat and did what he could to make her comfortable. Upon inquiring he learned who she was, sent word to her brother living in Ongole, and to her daughter only six miles away, that she was in a dying condition, and needed their attention immediately. Neither the daughter nor the brother dared to come, for the sick woman, in the delirium of her fever, had wandered from home and broken caste. Thus Clough learned from this and other experiences that family relationship and the sacredness of death were secondary to the hold of caste. There were four main castes, at the head of which stood the Brahman, the rulers of the people. At the foot of the caste system was the Sudra, the farmer and worker caste. Related to these were subcastes, many of which stood for a trade. The members of one caste could not eat with those of another,

nor could they intermarry. The only thing they agreed on was the suppression of the outcaste or Pariah tribes, one of the lowest of which was the Madiga, many of whom were the village scavengers, and many more little better than serfs or slaves.

Now Clough, as a sincere and thoroughgoing American Christian, could not readily fall in with this system, ignore and push aside the inquirers, and refuse baptism to those who came seeking it. This would be going against what he considered the spirit of Christ. But if he did not refuse admission to the outcastes, the caste people would not come, and would seek in every way to hinder him. Hence he had a terrible mental struggle to go through with every day. Surely he could not succeed in building a native church with these degraded, persecuted outcastes. He must for the sake of the mission find some way to hold the caste people who had already come. And yet he could not reject any sincere soul seeking his Saviour. To "pussyfoot," or carry water on both shoulders, was not Clough's nature. He knew from his experience in Nellore, and also since beginning in Ongole, that he could make headway with the caste people if he could keep the outcastes out. But how about his personal belief that Christ died for all? This dilemma lasted many days. Whichever way Clough turned he found mental fog and uncertainty. First he thought that he could delay the movement among the Madigas a few years till he had a "nucleus of converts from the caste

people" to use his own language. The Madiga movement would not wait.

Next he thought he would educate some Madigas and show they were worth consideration. He applied to the Government school for the admission of three sons of preachers—boys who were in his wife's school, and who were ready to advance. He had a personal right to do so, for these boys were subjects of Great Britain, which had ruled that there should be no religious discrimination in India, and that the Government schools were open to all who duly qualified. The magistrates and officials saw no reason why these bright boys should not go to the school. The headmaster, a Brahman, was friendly and courteous to Clough, but assured him it would never work. To the school the boys were sent; they were not even allowed on the veranda. Soon the matter was broadcasted all over town, and there were angry threats bestowed upon Clough. Our game hero now sent for the highest English official, got him to take the boys to the school, put them in classes with the Hindus, and compelled the use of the same books. It was a drastic action—a win or lose play! The Brahman boys quit the school in a body. Their parents were fighting mad, and—Clough lost! The words of Doctor Colver were a comfort to him now, when he felt he was making a mess of things: "Brother Clough, I believe that God from all eternity has chosen you to be a missionary to the Telugus." How he felt was mirrored in the following letter:

"I married two couples according to Christian custom. Therefore many are angry. They tell me I am tearing down all the customs of their fathers. To show their anger, they have taken their children out of our little school, fifteen going in one day. They have tried to induce our gardener and the woman who helps Mrs. Clough to leave, threatening to beat or kill them if they did not leave us at once.

"The story is also widely circulated that I am trying to get as many to believe as I can in order to send them all off to Europe, as soldiers, sailors, or slaves. This report works harm.

"And so it is from day to day, and every day something new. We are in constant excitement. Our faith, ingenuity, and wisdom are frequently sadly tried. Here we are in the jungle, the great wilderness of heathenism all around us. To look back is of no use. We can only look up and go ahead, trusting in God to give us grace for every occasion."

About this time he went out to a village three miles away to baptize fourteen Madigas in a small pond. Hundreds of caste people stood on the bank, abusing and deriding Clough, and afterwards sent word that they would beat him up if he dared to pollute these waters again. As the situation grew tenser, the feelings about him intensified; some of the Madigas looking up to him as their champion, defender, and savior, attempted to worship him, while the other caste people attempted to kill him. During the special crisis year,

1868, he yearned to get away from it all, and see no more of it. In the midst of this he got jungle fever and was very low for days. During the period of depression due to illness, he considered that his work in India had come to an end. Time and again during his illness he resolved to go home as soon as he was able to be moved.

During his convalescence he kept turning over this question in his mind, "Did I do right in admitting the Madigas?" It stayed with him after his return to health. In defense of his conduct he justified himself by thinking, "It would have been against my religious convictions to have compromised." At this point he understood himself perfectly, for he never could have done otherwise than he did. That the matter was not settled in his mind, however, comes out in a letter to a new missionary who had recently come to Nellore to learn Telugu. In this Clough expressed the wish that there might be some great Baptist authority within reach who would tell him whether it was right to baptize one class of people when that action formed a barrier to all the rest.

Out of his despair, anguish, and indecision he was lifted in a striking way, and his mind unified for all time on this subject. One Sunday evening he was alone in his study, suffering with the weight of his divided self. He could not retreat; he was not willing to go ahead. He paced about, and almost unconsciously picked up one of a stack of English Bibles

piled in his room for distribution to English soldiers, who frequently passed the bungalow on marches between Madras and Hyderabad. He thumbed it aimlessly, and suddenly read aloud excitedly the following words from 1 Corinthians 1:26, 27:

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

He took the Bible over to his study table, laid it down open before him, and drifted back in thought to the Jerusalem days when Paul had his controversy with the religious leaders. He was at peace now. He knew now what his duty to the Madigas was, for it was as if a voice from heaven had spoken. His wife came into the study, weary from some of the household tasks, and, picking up one of these Bibles sat down for a bit of reading, opening it at random. Presently she said to her husband, "God's plan must be to serve these outcastes first." To Clough's further amazement she had the Bible opened to the same passage he was pondering over. The mystery of this moment was not at all affected by the fact that these were all new Bibles, recently bound, and would all probably open to the

same place. It was a revelation of light that both these struggling souls should receive at the same time, in the same way, the same solving of their doubts. From then on their thoughts were unified in one direction. They were the chosen of God to shepherd the outcaste Madigas, befriend them, win them, cost what it may, lead where it will! They went straight in that direction, nothing doubting.

Clough now walked back and forth in his study with a look of ecstatic joy upon his face, looking as if he might break out with " Thank God that's settled." He was going over in his mind some of the many past-annoyances that had vexed him so much, but which now amused him. His mind fastened upon one phrase in particular that had given him offense as the caste people had called insultingly after him in the streets, *Madiga Dhora,* literally, " Mr. Madiga," or " Outcaste White Man." The plowboy of the plains had thus become a Pariah for his pains! He would now willingly be an outcaste white man to win the Madigas to Christ. He would willingly take this reproach for the sake of his calling and would glorify it to a title of honor. Thus he was going to do through sacrifice the similar thing Jesus had done. They crucified Christ on a Cross, symbol of shame and ignominy to his contemporaries; the cross lifted him up to disgrace, but he got hold of the other end of it and lifted it up to be an honor to his cause and a hope to the world. *Madiga Dhora,* the reproach, became a distinction to the salva-

tion of many, and to the honoring of the mighty Clough. Similarly to Paul of old, Clough said, "Henceforth I go to the Madigas." They had been coming by the tens; both Clough and his wife now knew they would come by hundreds.

VI

COMING BY HUNDREDS

COMING BY HUNDREDS

THE Dhora's dilemma being dissolved, he was now ready for anything. He accepted his mission to the Madigas, which had come to him through force of circumstances, and much against his will, with a determination to win them in great numbers to a new religious allegiance. In his report for the year 1868 he wrote, "It is evident that the time is near when thousands of Madigas will be believing in Christ." The dawn of the new year found this movement in progress in every direction from Ongole.

Clough had already gathered about him a band of workers of unusual ability and spiritual power. He seemed to have had the faculty from the very beginning of picking potential leaders, or perhaps also natives of leadership ability saw in Clough a worthy personality whom they might look up to and follow. Those whom he gathered about him remained loyal to him personally all through the years. Yerraguntla Periah had come to him, but he and Clough had immediately become attracted to each other; Bezwada Paul he had sized up and called, as he had Baddepudy Abraham. Ezra and Rungiah were proud and happy in their associations with the chief. Kola Peddiah, Thaluri Daniel, Oogriah and his brothers, Sreeram Solomon—these were all strong young men, capable not only

of leadership, but of religious insight and personal loyalty.

Most of Clough's preachers were young men whom he had induced to come to the school, but they had only a very limited training; for they were so anxious to preach and go from village to village telling about Christ that they were with difficulty held in school. This was especially true of Paul and Abraham, both great evangelists. They would slip away from school without permission, going to distant points to preach, and upon return would give wonderful accounts of the success of the gospel message.

These men, and many others, to the number of thirty, early gathered about Clough, and were sent out under his direction; he counseled with them, and they looked up to him as a remarkable man. He had a way that endeared them to him, and held them for decades. He and his preachers stood together and were the force that turned the thousands of outcaste Telugus to the Christian way. When in years to come it seemed wise to divide up the Ongole territory, allotting sections of it to the various missionaries, the solidarity of Clough and his evangelistic preachers was one of the obstacles almost insurmountable. Their solidarity could not be broken; they were an Indian movement, based on Indian models, with an American at the core of it, and Christ as the heart of it. Most of these preachers had been in school together under Clough; they had all come up to the compound annually for

a six-weeks Bible-study course together, which Clough Dhora conducted, and they were often there for short periods to report and secure directions for further activities. Their sons and daughters were intermarried, and they were as one big family. They got on well together; their kingly and masterly teacher saw to that.

Clough's democratic way with them often won them, as in the case of Solomon, who hesitated about coming to the school on account of his prosperity as a trader. Clough liked his straightforward manner and readily observed that he was above the average in intelligence. One day Solomon came to the veranda proudly showing Clough thirty rupees he had just earned. Clough took the money saying, "This is your fine for not having come to the school," and turned to speak to an assembly of people. Solomon did not know what to do. Three or four times he asked meekly for his money. After quite a while Clough finished speaking, turned quickly, and taking him by the shoulders gave him a friendly push. He then returned the money and again, said, "Will you come to school?" "I will come," said Sreeram Solomon, and he did, becoming one of those who won several thousands of his people to the Christian way. One time when preacher Kola Peddiah was being sorely persecuted Clough went out to his village to investigate. The Karnam, or ranking Brahman, insisted that there was some mistake, and that some one had lied about the persecution. "But,"

said Clough, " the preacher, my *tamurdu,* my younger brother, told me. Would my tamurdu lie to me? " In years to come Peddiah would tell proudly how the Dhora had called him *tamurdu* before a crowd of oppressors.

In later years there were some criticisms of Clough's familiarity with his native workers, but they came from those who did not understand Clough, nor the spirit of wonderful fellowship that had grown up between him and his preachers' families in the course of their labors, struggles, and sufferings together.

In the early days the preachers went out from place to place telling about the new religion. Periah and Paul were the first to go, proclaiming far and wide that a great teacher was in Ongole to bring salvation to the Madigas. Frequently the preachers would return to Ongole, bringing bands of believers to be baptized. These would be further instructed in Christian knowledge, examined as to their fitness and motive in becoming Christians, and sent away rejoicing. Or possibly the preachers brought back the word that there were villages with Christian believers where Clough himself should go to bring them to a final decision. To such Clough went, though often it meant a journey of great hardship.

These tours of Clough were judged by the natives as were the journeys of their holy men. It often happened that some great Hindu religious teacher would be traveling from one shrine to another accompanied

by his disciples. These were much sought after by the people through whose villages they passed, and besought to tarry and teach, which often they did. Word about their visit would pass around, and people would flock in to come in contact with the teacher of a religious message. These customs of the people applied to Clough. Multitudes often attended his visits, and many journeyed long distances to Ongole to see him. Christianity was talked about widely, especially in the Madiga hamlets.

The territory of the Telugus was divided up into *taluks* or counties about thirty miles square, and each taluk had its own name and individuality. At first the Christian movement was strong in the taluks near Ongole, next spreading to those more distant to the north and west. Early in 1869 there came an urgent call to Clough to come to the Kanigiri taluk, where the Christian movement had really begun, for there was situated Periah's village, Tallakondapaud. The people were expecting him everywhere along the route, and came to the roadside to hear the message. Wherever his tents were pitched there was a crowd of listeners. From the Kanigiri taluk the movement spread to the Podili taluk, where there were a number of Madiga families above the average in thrift and intelligence. These became Christian and were influential in bringing about the spread of the movement in the neighboring Darsi taluk. To these three taluks southwest of Ongole Clough at first limited his touring.

Soon, however, calls began to come in from the taluks to the north, extending a hundred miles away. Clough could not go, but sent one of his trusted school-boys, Baddepudy Abraham, who had been on tour with him and who had shown great evangelizing ability. He worked over twenty years in those three taluks, Vinukonda, Narsaravupet, Bapatala, and brought about a great ingathering.

Early in the same year, 1869, Periah and Paul made beginnings in two taluks west of Ongole—Cumbum and Markapur, which meant that in a little over a year Clough's personal organization was spreading the message of Christian salvation in a territory over two hundred miles square.

The most decided clash between the Christian way of living and the Indian way came in the Markapur taluk and resulted in a very trying persecution. It arose in this wise. In the town of Markapur, where the taluk officials resided, was a temple for the worship of a local deity. On feast days part of the temple celebration was the beating of a heavy drum which had a leather top. As the top had broken the authorities sent word to the Madiga hamlet, four of whose leaders and a number of whose inhabitants were Christians, to repair it. The Madigas, being workers in leather, were expected to do this, but as Christians could not do so, on account of its association with idol-worship. It was clearly a test case, arranged to see how far the Madiga Christians would go. To refuse would mean financial

loss, for the repairing of the drum and the beating of it in the procession paid well, and it would also mean stirring up the anger of the town officials and leading people. They considered the matter carefully and sent back the following word, "We are now Christians and cannot have anything to do with idol-worship."

The Brahman leaders decided they would deal harshly with this rebellion, and sent a constable to seize a hide. The Madiga who had it in his possession objected, but was badly beaten, and the hide carried off. The Christian friends of the injured man put him on a cot and started to carry him to a neighboring taluk to the English magistrate. But the party of sixteen Christians, the injured man among them, was arrested, brought back to Markapur and thrown into prison. The following day they were taken before a Brahman magistrate and sentenced to thirty days' hard labor.

Messengers were sent secretly to Ongole, seventy miles away, to tell Clough the situation. Meanwhile the prisoners sang Christian songs and preached almost continuously. People came from long distances to hear them, and the cause they stood for was being glorified, for the wrongful imprisonment and punishment of sixteen just men was widely commented on. Thus was spiritual power generated. Soon the Markapur officials learned that Clough was in constant communication with the prisoners, and it worried them very much, for they could not find out what his intentions were, and they knew that he was always able to

approach the higher English officials successfully. Soon the prisoners were dismissed.

It is no wonder trouble arose when we consider how the new Christian way of living ran against the ordinary social life and customs of the villages. For example, there were three reforms in the life of the Madigas that Clough insisted on as a condition of their becoming Christians, and he stuck to these insistently. These were: Stop eating carrion, worshiping idols, and working on Sunday.

The Hindu religious faiths do not permit the slaughter of cattle for food. Whenever cattle died from any cause Madigas came and took the carcass to their hamlet to take off the hide. In return for this they furnished leather articles according to the number agreed upon or bargained for. What was left after the hide was taken off was also theirs as part of the trade. It was eaten. In this hot climate, and without refrigeration, this usually meant rotten meat. Consequently the Madiga hamlets were literally covered with filth and their children loathsome with sores. Probably there was good sense in the caste system which called such people "Untouchables." Christianity made them clean by lifting them out of their filth, but it was a terrible effort in its cost to them, for it changed the basis of their bargaining for a dead animal. No longer could they be buzzards, but just leather-workers, who could now raise their heads. Whenever a report came in that some Christian family had slipped back into

heathenism it was said, "They are eating carrion again."

The insistence upon stopping contact with idol-worship was similarly a far-reaching one, for there were many religious celebrations and festivals in which the Madigas participated as a group, and which were essential to the plan. For example, there was the *sivam*, or dance of possession, which only Madigas could perform. In this particular form of nature-worship the idol was carried through the street of the village, and Madiga men danced before it. They were given some stupefying drug, and in this groggy condition uttered strange words and sounds, supposed to be a sign that the spirit of the idol was in them—i. e., the demons of the land were in those Madigas temporarily and would now hold back from troubling the people with cholera, smallpox, etc. Their unwillingness to do these things, and to repair and beat the sacred drums was considered as a labor strike, for, in the economic organization of the village, they were expected to perform these tasks. Their refusal to do things that no other group of society was prepared or willing to do, meant social rebellion, which must be met with by harsh oppression and boycott, especially from the Brahmans, or the ruling caste.

The Sunday observance made trouble with the Sudra caste, the farmers, for whom many of the Madigas worked almost as serfs. The Sudras could with difficulty arrange their field work to let their hands off

one day every seven; it mussed up their customs horribly. The Madigas helped plow, till the soil, gather the grain, and thresh it. In the threshing-time they received their share of the grain, as agreed upon. In the Podili taluk the Sudra farmers got their heads together and agreed to thresh their grain on Sunday, when the Madigas were not working. In this way the Madigas received nothing for the other work they had done during the season, and faced starvation. It was a rank injustice, but was ended in a way which the Madiga Christians considered providential. While the Sudras of a certain village were all out in the grain-field on Sunday threshing out their grain, the mother of their chief, or *munsiff,* stayed at home. As she was doing some cooking, her fire in some way set a spark into a basket of bran standing near, and it flamed up suddenly. Before she could summon the men from the field several houses and much grain burned up. The frantic mother, who had previously been bitter against the Christians, wailed, "God has sent it as a punishment." This was the common belief on both sides; it created a new respect for the Christian Sabbath.

These three requirements, which made such a change in the every-day social life of the outcastes, and which brought them into violent conflict with their masters, at the same time raised their self-respect, and tested their mettle. Those early Christians who stood firm did so at great cost. The persecutions were so persistent; the

village washermen were ordered not to wash for them, the potter not to sell them pots, their cattle were driven off the community pastures, and Madigas from distant villages were brought in to do the scavenger work. The Christians could find little work, and many tottered on the brink of starvation. Casting out the outcastes now became the game of the Brahmans. But they had not reckoned with the redoubtable Dhora.

In one taluk efforts were made to force the Christians to perform their traditional part at a festival. Four leading Christians were arrested and brought to the festival by force. Water was poured over their heads, their heads were shaved, save for a topknot, their foreheads marked with the sign of Siva worship, and drums forced into their hands. After this humiliation they came to Ongole to Clough, who helped them file a case against their village *karnam*, before an English magistrate. They won their case, and the karnam was sent to jail, a terrible pollution for a Brahman. But it helped the Madigas wonderfully.

This and similar incidents focused the attention of the opposing village officials upon Clough. He was the champion of the Madigas in a real sense and was resourceful in defending them. The preachers used to say, "If the fear of our Clough Dhora had not been in the minds of the karnams and munsiffs we could not have stood." Once Clough was summoned to a certain village to protect the Christians. The karnam, becoming afraid of the consequences of what he had done,

went out to meet Clough with deep *salaams,* and said he had never done these things, that is, ordered the boycotts. Clough was riding on a spirited white horse, which few could mount, and which his preachers were always proud to see him on. He turned his horse upon the karnam, and this dignified authority scrambled out of the road in a very undignified manner, to the amusement of the lookers-on. Clough thundered at him, "Beware how you persecute these Christians." The incident was told far and wide and had a salutary effect.

The natural results of his defense of the Madiga Christians were attempts on his life. One night while on tour he drank a cup of tea in which he had poured some milk. The milk had been doctored with arsenic. He was deathly sick, but the overdose saved him. Many times his faithful cook found poison in the food. Once a gift of fruit was brought on a platter, but that it had been poisoned was discovered in time. Once near the compound he was attacked by a band of men armed with bamboo sticks, and was beaten viciously. But some of his preachers, then in school, came running up and rescued him. Clough had difficulty in keeping the angry preachers from murdering the chief offender. In all these dangers he remained fearless and undisturbed. It increased the admiration of his group of workers for him, and made him respected and dreaded by those who wanted to harm the Christians. The preachers in their admiration for their Dhora liked

to boast how once Clough had thrashed a particularly mean karnam, but Clough stoutly denied this.

The spirit and method of the Ongole missionary was shown further in the building of the baptistery on the compound. Under a large tamarind tree, which furnished a beautiful shade, was an idol shrine standing on the very spot on which Clough wanted to build the baptistery. The villagers heard of his intention and threatened to beat any workman who dared to touch the shrine. Furthermore natives were afraid to demolish this sacred building lest the god break out and smite them suddenly. Clough himself started the job, taking a heavy crowbar, prying out stones and mortar, and throwing them in all directions.

The preachers helped him remove the ruins, while those looking on expected the demon in the shrine would smite Clough. Nothing happened, except that a baptistery was built for the initiation of Christian believers where formerly an idol shrine had stood, and where the dance of possession used to be performed. The baptistery was dedicated in the summer of 1869 by the baptism of forty-two candidates.

On one of his tours in 1869 Clough received fifty-one new members, and came in touch with hundreds of others really believing. Later in the year his preachers brought in seventy-four converts, and in the course of a year another group of fifty-six. The following year the numbers grew; the very first tour brought three hundred and twenty-four baptisms, and hundreds

were begging to be received, but were put off until they could be better trained. Thus the movement gathered momentum during those first years so that at the end of five years' work in Ongole, the church had a membership of one thousand five hundred scattered over eight taluks. Clough's staff of loyal preacher-disciples, gathered about him during the first part of these early years, remained almost intact and unchanged for the great times ahead. They were a fine supplement to the genius of Clough in starting the coming of the outcastes by hundreds.

VII

STAKING OUT BIG CLAIMS

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After five years faithful work in Ongole Clough became pretty well established. He had come to know the people, understand their ways, and experience less strain in meeting them and talking their language. They had come to accept him as a permanent institution, and as a forceful religious teacher, who could not be turned aside from his intention of winning the outcaste Madigas to a new way of life and to a new social standing in the Hindu community.

The Madigas rejoiced in his leadership in the midst of them, and looked to him, not only for religious teaching, but for help in their struggles for freedom from the burdens caste had imposed upon them. Furthermore, they came to him for help in many unexpected ways, showing that they considered him a righteous judge, and a superior director of their destinies. Many times, in the case of village or family disputes, the parties would appeal to Clough to decide between them, or be an arbiter in their disputes. Many times, when a quarrel broke out in a village, the parties would agree to come to Ongole to have their differences patched up, and for this they would walk many miles. If both groups were Christians and the dispute seemed to be a hot one, Clough would send them out under the big tamarind tree overhanging the baptistery and bid

them pray together till the demons were gone out of them. Clough was keen to detect their dissembling and lying, and would approach them in such a way that they soon learned it was no use to tell him an untruth. They would say: "Our Clough Dhora can see right through our eyes what is in us. We might as well give up."

The Brahmans had likewise come to accept him as an authority in behalf of the Christian natives. They had been worsted in a number of conflicts with him, and had settled down to the conviction that he was really a great man who was genuinely interested in his mission to the Madigas. Gradually the petty hindrances thrown in his way, the attempts on his life, and the harassing of Christians died away, and the native leaders began to deal with him in a friendly capacity. Then business, social, and neighborly relations became cordial, and frequently, when he was touring, he was the welcome guest of some official, who extended many courtesies to him in making his stay in the village or town more pleasant, and in opening channels of approach to the people.

Clough soon learned how to use the Hindu customs to the advantage of gospel propaganda. Since there were no newspapers, nor readers for that matter, among the people, he cultivated by suitable gifts the acquaintance and good-will of the *Yetties,* who were the news-carriers, dispatch-runners, and messengers for the caste people. These Yetties went around from vil-

lage to village to take letters, or mostly personal messages by word of mouth, for officials and merchants. They were virtually the newspapers of the people, for as they went around on their trips they told the people the various items of news and spread information from village to village. Clough instructed them to hand out correct information about him, and when he was planning upon a tour, gave the details of it, with times and places, to the Yetties. They passed it out to one another in this great network, and by the time he was ready to start, the whole countryside knew of his coming. In this way crowds were often waiting to greet him.

Now that the " Man for Ongole " was so well established in his work, and in the thinking of the people of all castes, and that so many people far and wide were interested in Christianity, he felt the necessity of turning his thoughts to the task of educating and training a Christian leadership. Such was surely needed to hold the multitudes that had come, and to get ready for the thousands yet to come. Almost annually he had reported to the Board in Boston that a theological seminary to train native preachers was a burning necessity. The home people believed in this seminary, but did not see the way to finance it, so put off increasing the allotment of money to the Telugu mission.

At last Clough and the other three missionaries on the Telugu field, Jewett, Timpany, and McLaurin, who

had just arrived, organized themselves into an association and voted the following resolution:

> Moved by Brother Clough and seconded by Brother Timpany that we ask the Executive Committee for eight thousand rupees for a seminary and professor's house. Unanimous.
>
> Moved and seconded and resolved that Brother Clough correspond with the Executive Committee on the subject.

The organization and its resolution worked, for the request was soon granted, and money sent for seminary buildings. A year later they were being built in Ramapatnam, under the direction of Missionary Timpany. The secretary of the Executive Committee in Boston, in writing about the decision to appropriate money for this purpose, expressed himself to Clough in these words: "How often have I said to myself during these last four months: 'What a pity we had not adopted Clough's recommendation two years ago to start a theological school among these people!'"

The next question that arose for discussion on both sides of the world was, Who will be the president of this first Indian theological seminary, now being built in Ramapatnam, overlooking the Bay of Bengal? Naturally many in America and some in India thought first of Clough. Officially it was felt that he could do it in splendid shape, and it would be just the position to transfer him to, for he had not fully recovered from his experience with jungle fever, suffered two years previously, and such a change of occupation might be just the rest he needed to bring about his recovery.

Clough rather felt he was not cut out for this sort of position; he felt that confinement to teaching would seriously limit his explosive manner of expressing himself. He was impressed with the correctness of Missionary Timpany's judgment of him, when this discriminating individual wrote, "You, irrepressible Brother Clough, could not screw yourself down to a theological chair for six months, to save your life." Others who knew Clough felt the same way, and knew that he could do greater work in other channels. One of these was now obviously opening to him, though it did not at all appeal to him at first.

The missionaries in the Telugu field felt that the recognition of their work given in the establishing of a theological school was a fine beginning, but that much more was needed before they could begin to do the work that was committed to their care. Their determined conclusion was that Clough should go to America to take personally and emphatically to the home folks the real situation in India, and its immediate need of more men and money. They figured that a little first-hand information broadcasted in the Clough fashion would be the greatest help to preserve the Telugu harvest. They fixed their needs as four more missionaries and the income from $50,000 for the Seminary. Clough must be sent to America immediately to get these! Clough could not see it that way!

While these things were going on in India, Doctor

Murdock in Boston was penning the following letter to Clough:

> We have been deeply pained to hear how precarious your health is. On the score of economy to the service, therefore, your early return to the United States seems the dictate of wisdom. Besides, the most likely way to secure two or three families for the Telugus would be to come here and tell your story to ministers and people. You might be able to find in the great West men likeminded with yourself who would return to Ongole with you, perhaps precede you, to help gather the harvests of the future among the Telugus.

Across this letter from his superior official, Clough wrote immediately the trenchant words: "A bitter pill for me to take." But it took him nine months to make up his mind to take this pill. It closed his first seven years of service in India; he had a furlough coming any way.

The native Christians were deeply stirred at the news of his proposed return, and were everywhere in tears and prayers, as the news flashed from village to village throughout the taluks. Over five hundred representatives from the various Christian villages came to the compound in Ongole to beg him not to go away from them. As the time for departure came they kept crying out in sorrow: "Do not leave us! Stay with us. Do not go to America." Those who could get near clung to his feet; others pressed in from every side seeking to get hold of him. They had been so happy in their associations with him, in the new faith he had brought to them, and in the social freedom he was procuring

for them that they could not bear the thought of losing it all again, should their defender and champion be gone. He struggled for a moment and bade them hear him as he spoke these words:

"Do you remember when I was at your village that you asked me to come again soon, and I told you that I could not; that I had one hundred and ninety villages to visit before I could see you again?

"And do you remember that you begged me to send you a preacher, and I told you I could not, for we had but eighteen, and they, too, must be scattered through all these one hundred and ninety villages?

"And that finally when you followed me out of the village begging me to come, or send a preacher or teacher, I could do nothing but shut out your prayers and gallop along?

"And now you know that I am worn out with work; that unless I can rest, I shall soon not be able to visit you at all. You know, too, that we must have four new missionaries, and a theological seminary to train preachers who can stay with you all the time; and that I must go to America and get the men and the money."

Now they begged: "Go quick, and come quick; go quick, and come quick."

They caught the point of his going and understood that he was going for their sakes. Pray they did, and that right earnestly every day of his absence. When he said "Good-bye" to the station, he commended the people to God, and left the field in charge of Dr. and

Mrs. McLaurin. The native Christians accepted the McLaurins at first gladly, for Doctor McLaurin had been on tour with Clough and had baptized many converts. But Clough had hardly been gone a day when the caste people began to taunt the Christians: "Where is your Guru now? Now will you work on Sunday? Now will you worship the gods again?" Then the native Christians became fearful, panicky, and murmuring. Doctor McLaurin dispatched word to Clough at Madras to advise and help in this trying situation before he sailed from the country.

Clough's action was characteristic of him. He immediately sent word to some of his choice and trusty disciples—those who were most devoted to him, and whom the people followed—inviting them to come at his expense to Madras. He entertained them there, and took them aboard the ship to his cabin, where his baggage and things were already spread out. He showed them the dining-room of the steamer, where he would eat, and explained to them the workings of a great steamer. They had never been on such a steamer before, indeed had no idea as to how their Guru would get so far away—all they had were mythy notions. Now they understood just how he was going, and how he could easily return. It was a great stunt! They went back to their fields with the big news! Everywhere they went they told the story of how the white men crossed the ocean and what a ship was like. It took them months to make the rounds and give this

wonderful narrative. The panicky feeling was forgotten in the new interest in the story of Clough's departure on the big ship, and in a few months they settled down again to work faithfully under Doctor McLaurin's direction, and to wait patiently for Clough's return.

As soon as Clough landed in America he went immediately to Boston to meet with the Executive Committee. The members of the Committee already knew exactly what he was after, for they had heard from India just what was needed, and just why Clough was coming to America. They were very cordial and kind to him, but each member had his pail of cold water to pour on the fiery flame from the revival atmosphere of India. Their conclusion briefly was that he must give up his project, not only because he could not succeed, but also because this special effort would cut into the usual receipts of the Society. He had to give up, because their order was emphatic and specific. It was a bitter and crushing disappointment to him, and he heartily wished he were back in India, fighting the battles of his Madigas against the Brahmans of India instead of meekly lying down before the Boston Brahmans.

To Strawberry Point he went, to rest in the old home town, where years before he had quit the plow to seek the Pariah. This defeat dulled his delight in resting at home. But there was a joy, nevertheless, in being with his mother once again and resting, free for

a while from responsibility and care, under the family roof. This soon took the jungle fever out of him and he felt himself getting strong again.

When the Baptists of Iowa realized that their own favorite missionary hero was in their very midst, they all wanted to see and hear him. Many were the urgent invitations he received to speak to churches and conventions, and a number of them he gladly accepted. As he told about the wonderful blessings that had come to the thousands of outcastes among the Telugu peoples, hearts were stirred, and the home folks were glad. He told everywhere about the need of a well-supported seminary, and of at least four more missionaries, but was careful not to violate his parole by asking for money. When people, deeply moved by his narratives of the modern Acts of the Apostles among the Telugus, spoke about wanting to help, he frankly told them he was not allowed to solicit money, and was really not asking for anything—just telling what the mission *needed.*

On one occasion he was speaking before the annual meeting of one of the Iowa Associations, and before he realized what was being done, one of the outstanding men had moved amid enthusiastic applause that the brethren be given a chance to subscribe. The embarrassed Clough tried to explain, but they, in their zeal to pour in money, paid no attention to him. Before the Apostle to the Telugus knew where he was at, cash and pledges amounting to $5,000 were in hand. Several

Mid-Western leaders felt that they should be allowed to help their Clough, and that this plea for a seminary should be allowed to be heard by those who wanted to hear and help. They wrote to Boston to this effect, urging that the West be permitted to raise that seminary endowment. The Executive Committee yielded to this heavy pressure from the West, and granted Clough his permission five months after his arrival in America.

Now " go-getter " Clough, strength restored and enthusiasm renewed, went to work in a determined manner. From city to city he journeyed, pleading for the Telugu seminary. Great enthusiasm followed his eloquent pleas, and the impact of his personality. People could not, if they wanted to, resist his rushing, throbbing torrent of words, forged out of seven years of grinding conflict in India. His was a spirit which " taketh a city "—and it took many a church by storm. Rich people gave goodly sums; children brought their mite-boxes, and young people gladly gave self-denial offerings. On September 22, 1873, the $50,000 fund was completely raised, amid great rejoicing everywhere. The date is mentioned because it is the very day upon which the terrible financial panic of that year broke out.

The second part of the commission proved the hardest, for money appeared to be easier to get than men. Clough searched in many places for these four men—in colleges, seminaries, parsonages, and churches. The

four men came. One of these took with him to India to the new theological school in Ramapatnam, Clough's sister, Vina. This departure was a double sorrow for Clough's own mother, but she bore it bravely, as she had the previous parting, when John Everett had broken home ties. Clough and his wife now understood his mother's suffering, for they too, had to arrange for a parting. They left their oldest child, Allen, and his sister in America on account of their education. They suffered while the cause prospered.

After two years' absence from Ongole, they arrived fresh and vigorous for another great advance. The bringing of reenforcements and financial backing for the seminary gave an element of stability to the mission. They found that the McLaurins had carried on the work well during these two years, and had led the mission to have a steady and substantial increase. Clough's staff of preachers had been loyal to McLaurin, and the latter had followed closely the methods Clough and the preachers had worked out together.

With the coming of four new men, the missionaries now gave their attention to extending the field, and staking out the territory they were claiming for Christ in their outreach for the future. Nellore, Allur, Ongole, and Ramapatnam were already occupied. One of the four new men, Rev. W. W. Campbell, was anxious to go to Secunderabad, over two hundred miles from Ongole. He got permission from Boston to make the move there, took eight workers from Ongole with him,

and organized a church, which became the base for several stations. This was a long distance away, but it fixed the northern boundary of the mission.

The problem of the western boundary was more difficult. Clough had set his mind on Cumbum and Markapur, 60 and 80 miles west from Ongole, as the western limit, for just beyond was a mountain range which was difficult to cross. To the city of Kurnool, 170 miles west of Ongole, and across the mountains the news of the new religion had come. A priest from Kurnool walked all the way to Ongole to learn about Christ, and besought the missionary to come to his city, for there were those there who wanted to believe. Another one of the new men, Rev. D. H. Drake, wanted to cross the mountains with Clough and look the situation over, for Bezwada Paul had been working there a year and had reported many believers.

This promised to be a daring and adventurous tour, the longest Clough had ever been upon. It was tame until they reached the foot of Nulla Mulla Hills, 20 miles wide and three thousand feet high. Large bonfires were kept burning all night to keep the prowling tigers away from the camp. At one place on the pass the bullocks slipped and toppled off the road, cart and all. Luckily the cart caught against a tree, else cart, carters, bullocks, and supplies would have gone over a steep precipice. Obulu led the men in a prayer-meeting then and there and thanked God for the miraculous deliverance.

The road they were traveling was the very one on which a man-eating tiger had learned to lie in wait for the mail-carrier. For three days in succession no mail had arrived beyond the pass, although the telegraph wires brought the news that three carriers had left on their regular schedules. An English official therefore announced his intention of carrying the mail on the fourth day to find out what had happened. He stripped off his clothes, stained his skin brown, and tied a little cloth around his loins. Instead of the stick over his shoulder with the bells on it to frighten away the snakes on the path, he carried his gun. The jingling bells announced his coming. Just as he reached an obscure shelter in the dense jungle a ferocious tiger jumped out for his daily meal. After the English officer used his gun effectively, he looked about the spot and saw three mail-bags, three sets of sticks with bells, and a few rags—evidently the débris of the tiger's meals on previous days.

Ten miles west of the mountains was the village of Atmakur, where Paul had been working. Here they found a group of two hundred people ready to listen. Clough's diary has the following note concerning this visit to Atmakur:

> We baptized twenty-six upon profession of faith in Jesus. At noon all assembled at the tent, and they chose four of their number as deacons, and Guraviah to be their pastor. Thus ended December 1, 1875, in establishing the first Baptist church, or branch church, west of the mountains, to be connected with the future Kurnool Baptist Mission.

Forty miles farther west was Kurnool. Missionary Drake liked the situation and opportunity and desired to settle there.

The journey back to Ongole was an epic one, for they had decided to return by the southern pass, where there was more jungle, but fewer steep passes. The second day out Drake came down with jungle fever; next the cook fell ill; then Obulu, a preacher, and finally the tent-pitcher. Clough now had a caravan of five sick men, each one in a cart especially hired for him. Drake was very seriously ill, and it seemed at times he could not possibly survive. But they had to press on to get out of the range of the malaria area and tiger country. It was a slow-stage, nine-day journey to safety, and Clough himself was nearly dead from exhaustion at the end of this trying four-hundred-mile tour.

Six months later Mr. Drake, well on the road to recovery, settled at Kurnool and thus fixed the western boundary for more than twenty years. In a few years Doctor Jewett opened up work in Madras. Thus a decade after Clough went to work as "the Man for Ongole" the missionary boundaries extended north as far as Secunderabad, west over the mountains to Kurnool and was reaching south to Madras. This is almost the whole extent of the Telugu domain. Within the confines of these ambitious claims were millions to be won. What would the next great move or event be?

VIII

THE GREAT FAMINE

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Clear skies were never so completely unappreciated as in South India in the fall of 1876. The southwest monsoon, that usually came in the summertime bringing the rain which made the crops possible, had practically failed. Now the northwest monsoon, which likewise brought rains in the fall, seemed to hesitate and hold back. Should the fall rains also fail there would surely be a great famine. Therefore men watched anxiously, prayed faithfully, and waited with diminishing hopes. They looked for the sight of a cloud, and when a piece of a one floated across the horizon, there was joy. But that occasional bit of cloud always passed as silently and as mysteriously as it had come. The glowing heavens mocked the people in their yearning for a little gloom and rain. As the smiling days wore on toward the close of '76 intense anxiety came into the hearts of all folks, caste, outcaste, rulers, English officials, and missionaries.

Early in the fall rumors were going around that suffering because of want was already being felt. Clough had heard there was some scarcity among the Christians in the adjoining taluks of Podili and Kanigiri, so resolved to go on tour there to see if he could be of some service to those people. As he approached the boundaries of these taluks Periah met him and said he

should go no farther. Clough insisted that he go on, for surely the hungry people needed him. Periah had to be stern with his beloved teacher, and emphasize that if he went on, his horse and bullocks would surely starve, for there was no fodder for them in the taluks. Clough was going to meet this obstacle by buying up straw for fodder and taking it along with him. All day long he spent trying to get it, but there was none to be had where he was. Sorrowfully he turned homeward, sensing something of the great tragedy that was surely coming, and especially so, if the northeast monsoon should also fail.

With the shortage of fodder the cattle began to die off; efforts were made to feed them on the leaves of trees and shrubs, but shortly these were all gone. Rabbits and deer soon perished; tigers prowled about hungry: only the jackals thrived. The Sudras, or farmers, around Nellore, who had prided themselves on their fine cattle, tried to sell them ere they should die. Traders came from other parts of India to bargain for them, offering almost nothing; hence the Sudras appealed to Clough for his help. The Iowa plowboy-farmer knew something of the value of cattle, and was a good trader. Some farmers refused to sell, except through Clough, to whom the dealers had to go directly. Clough always succeeded in arranging for a fair price, thus helping the Sudras greatly. Before long the cattle were all gone, and this prosperous farming community around Nellore did not recover for years.

Soon reports began to come in through the preachers that there was growing distress among the Madiga Christians in many places. There were villages where the inhabitants had only one very small meal every other day. The church-members could not give so much as a handful of rice to their preachers. People began to come by the hundreds to the mission compound begging a morsel of food. It was a gruesome sight to behold these queer, gaunt-looking beings scarcely human in appearance, for the length of their bodies was so disproportionate to their breadth. Foodless days for weeks and weeks made famine angles all over their bodies, made the bones stick out, the skin stretch tightly, the eyes sink in, and the jaw-bones stick out. Some of these coming were women who scarcely had a rag of clothing to cover their skin and bones. Some were mothers carrying little babies, which were trying in vain to get a few drops of milk from empty breasts, whining pitifully every few minutes for the nourishment that would not come. Sometimes they would faint away and drop through exhaustion, never gaining strength to rise again. In the streets of the city and about the compound it was not an uncommon sight to see people lying dead or dying from starvation. One of the missionaries wrote:

On a recent tour I heard directly of the death of thirty persons from starvation. In one inclosure I saw a man lying on his back insensible. A little distance from him lay his wife in a half-conscious state with an infant trying to extract nourishment from

her breast, and an older child lying in the same condition as its mother. The man died soon after. In another village, of four families of twenty persons, nine died of starvation.

New Year's day, 1877, greeted a new year that promised nothing but misery for the multitudes of South India. Three of the four horsemen, Famine, Pestilence, and Death were already stalking through the land. This is the day Disraeli had selected to crown his queen, Victoria, Empress of India. Many gorgeous celebrations and festivities were planned for in the great cities like Delhi, Calcutta, and Madras. The notables, princes, and the multitude of the élite feasted sumptuously in the palaces, while the "multitude of the elect" among Clough's Madigas moaned for food, and prayed that death would be merciful.

But every one—Government officials, wealthy Hindus, missionaries—who were all trying in various ways to feed the hungry, knew that something great and far-reaching must be planned immediately, if millions were to be saved from death by starvation. The governor of Madras launched plans for public work on a scale that would employ thousands of laborers. One of these projects was a canal, which already extended from Madras a hundred miles north, but which it was desirable to have extended at least a hundred miles farther north. Early in 1877 Government engineers were ordered to prepare specifications and a building program for this canal. Within three weeks after this surveying was completed engineers were on the job,

and a hundred thousand natives were hard at work digging, and earning relief for their starving families. This, called the Buckingham Canal, went through the region inhabited by Christians. Clough got in touch with the British officials in charge and sought to establish contacts for his people. The Government used him in many ways; for example, as they needed eight thousand tons of rice transported, they hired Clough to contract for the bullock-carts. When cholera was threatening in the Ongole district they sent him 10,000 cholera pills, and got him to teach his preachers how to use and dispense them.

Clough found difficulties, however, in getting employment for his Madigas as coolies on the canal-digging. With the officials all was easy; they felt no prejudice and made no caste distinctions: but the overseers did, for they were caste men, usually Sudras. They became sullen when they were forced to work Madigas, and oppressed and mistreated them so much that the latter could not continue working. Clough and his preachers conferred on the matter and finally all concluded that the Dhora should seek to get a portion of the canal to dig, and use his preachers for overseers, thus arranging for fair consideration for the starving Christian Madigas.

Missionary Clough now went to the engineers in charge of the building of the canal to discuss with them the prospect of his taking charge of the building of a section of it. He showed them his United States

Deputy Surveyor's Certificate, told them of his surveying experiences and studies, and impressed them in his discussions that he had the necessary technical knowledge to assume charge. It is interesting how this government surveyor's certificate, issued to Mr. Anderson's deputy twenty years before, should be the turning-point in the famine fortunes of the Madiga Christians. The British officials awarded him the contract of digging a mile of canal, with the understanding that if the work went all right he could have more.

The canal was to be twelve feet deep. The work was done by men digging and filling baskets with earth, and the women carrying the baskets out on their heads, dumping the dirt off to one side. After the work got going well and Clough demonstrated his ability to handle the situation, his contract was extended to include three and one-half miles of canal—the total stretch he was responsible for. The Government engineer let him have the portion gladly, with the one condition, that if his own Christian coolies were not numerous enough to finish the contract he would get other people to help him. This he had to do, more than half of his laborers being non-Christian friends and relatives of the Christians.

The first step was for Clough to establish a headquarters near where the work was to be done, and this he did by pitching his whole camping outfit at Razupallem, early in February, 1877. In this spot he lived for four months steadily as an overseer of workmen

and engineer of construction. His preachers were gathered about him, eager and ready to do their parts. To each was assigned some definite duty. Thaluri Daniel was the head of the village of huts erected to accommodate the families of the workers. Potters were sent for to bring a supply of cooking utensils, grain merchants were summoned to set up a bazaar near the huts, millstones were brought, and all was made ready for the coming of the people.

Meanwhile many of the preachers had been sent far and wide to the Christian villages, telling about the camp and urging people to come for work on the canal, that they might earn enough to buy food and live. These preachers had taken some money with them to give a little to each one who came, that he might have a wayside allowance, and not starve en route. Hundreds of Christians made their way immediately to Ongole, requesting food and work. When they appeared they were starving skeletons, just crawling along. Clough gave them food, directed them to the camp-village at Razupallem and mounted horseback to get there before them. There was considerable confusion in getting them assigned to the palm-leaf huts, and giving them food, but the preachers were equal to the occasion. Before the end of February the work was under way.

All went well at first. From the beginning a few of the preachers were made overseers, assigned and taught by Clough personally to do the measuring and keep the

accounts. Other preachers and village leaders were informed that if they worked among the diggers, and got blisters on their hands, they would be made overseers. Before long they all came to Clough, smiling happily and showing their hands blistered from the faithful handling of pick and shovel. Clough then said to them, "You will make good overseers." They did. The coolies liked it that their preachers had used pick and shovel and earned the right to be promoted to be foremen or overseers. It was the job of each preacher-overseer to look out for 100 workers, calculating the amount of work done and paying for it at sunset. He was always on the job, measuring-rod in hand, and came to know intimately the men under him.

In a short time all the preachers were at the camp, and their influence here was very great. The Christians from the preachers' villages, or from the particular places where they had worked, came to them and worked under them. They brought their non-Christian friends and relatives from distant villages, so that the influence of the preachers was extended considerably. They were always treated kindly and courteously by the preachers, and came to experience a profound respect for the Christian graces and living practised by these men of God. They were made to feel at ease and to lose the fear of any baneful influence supposed to come from Christians. The village elders also formed a connecting link, cooperating with the preachers, visiting the work on the canal and sending or recommend-

ing people from the villages. A number of the workers would save up what was for them quite a sum of money and return home to send other members of their families to work. In this way people were coming and going continually from the villages to the canal camp. They brought the news back and forth, and advertised far and wide what the Dhora was doing to save the people from starving.

Within three weeks from the time when Clough himself first took a shovel to start the digging on the three and one-half miles of canal, and when over eight hundred coolies had been put to work, a frightful cholera scourge broke loose. This brought a panic in the camp, many of the people leaving abruptly for their homes, saying to each other, "If we must die, let us go home and die there." This was the worst thing they could do, for they might fall by the wayside with the disease or take it to their villages and families. Clough soon had a hospital and a medical attendant in the camp, but he and his preachers worked together heroically caring for the needs of the sick, and calming down the excitement of the well. The following page from Clough's diary will tell something of his problem during this grilling period:

March 17, 1877: Ten new cases of cholera. Prospect bad.

March 18: Trying all day to keep down a panic. Several new cases of cholera.

March 20: Cholera thicker. Conclude not to send any more to Kottapatam hospital. The people beg not to be sent. Wrote to

Doctor O'Hara and asked for a hospital here and a dresser. Out in the sun before the little cholera huts from early morning till noon giving medicines. Seven were down with cholera. One man was much frightened. He complained the liniment I put on him burnt him, and he refused the medicine. In another hut was a friend of this man, who shouted to him between his cramps and pains: "Take the medicine! Stop groaning that way! Trust in Jesus. Pray to Jesus. Do not be a coward." He offered a silent prayer before he took a dose of medicine, and recovered. The other man died.

As soon as he could get a breathing-spell Clough tried to get at the cause of this cholera, and did so by directing his preachers secretly to watch the grain supply. They soon discovered that the grain merchants were bringing to the camp bazaar grain that was half ripe or spoiled—a very cheap grade, which was quite contrary to the understanding Clough had made with them at the first. Clough then rushed to the bazaar in anger and indignation, and came upon two merchants who were just bringing some spoiled grain into the bazaar. He strode rapidly toward them, but they saw him coming and noted the temper he was in before he had a chance to get to them. Terror-stricken, they dropped their bags and beat a hasty retreat. The indignant Dhora trampled the grain into the ground, and put one of his trusted preachers in charge of the camp bazaar.

Another problem to face was the coming of starving people to the camp. They were too hungry to wait for a meal to be cooked, so would take a lot of half-cooked

food from the pot and stuff themselves. Then they would usually lie down and die. Others, waiting patiently for their food, would eat two or three meals, which were larger than their starved stomachs could handle. Soon their friends found them lying somewhere very quiet, and when they went to arouse them found them cold in death. To overcome this Clough appointed one or two of the kind-hearted, older preachers to receive them and insist on their eating properly for a few days before going to work. These preachers saw to it that the newcomers, when they were famine-hungry, had only weak gruel until they were strong enough to have a meal of solid food.

There were other troubles in this great undertaking, as we may see from another quotation from Clough's diary:

> *May 17, 1877:* About eight in the evening very heavy rain commenced—evidently a cyclone. It rained fearfully all night. I took my tent full of old people and women with babies. I gave them Pain Killer and covered them up with common blankets, which I had on hand, to keep them from perishing with cold. At noon the rain ceased. By 3 o'clock two rivers came down in force and ran three or four feet deep over all my pits. At midnight the water had come to the west palm-leaf shed over my tent, and was one and a half miles wide. Many of the huts were flooded, and I expected my tent would be.

Next the hot winds came, more terrible than ever before. At midnight the thermometer read 110 degrees. The English officers could not stand the heat, four of them dying from strokes within a few days. Others

were seriously ill. Higher officials were ordered away. Clough's preachers earnestly besought him to leave, saying:

"If you, too, were to die or fall sick, what good would it do to any one? What could we do without you, with the famine still on us? Go back to Ongole. If we get in some great trouble you will still be near to help us!"

The preachers were all willing to work under the subengineer, to whom Clough handed over the direction of the work. He kept in touch with it, and several times came over to the camp to help in some emergency. In August the whole one-hundred-mile stretch of the canal was done, and their chief engineer in charge of the thirty-five miles in which Clough's three and one-half were located wrote him as follows:

> I am glad to say that your portion of the canal is the best on the whole line. It is so uniform, and cut to the proper depth without ups and downs as everywhere else.

The people were now well along in the second year of the famine; the rains of May were fine, but the continued hot winds withered up the grain which had started. Another year the southwest monsoon failed, and millions faced death by starvation. One million were being fed in relief-camps, another million were employed on relief-works; but there were still sixteen millions in the Telugu country! Clough sent frantic appeals to Burma, America, and England, and fine

donations came to fill a desperate need, for starving people dragged themselves to the compound and begged for aid. Often they lay down at the gate to rest after their long walk and never arose. The Englishmen in Madras sent an appeal to the Lord Mayor of London, and the great Mansion House Fund was organized, which produced millions for relief. Clough served as treasurer for the administration of this fund in the Ongole district and dispensed over 50,000 rupees in the weeks following November, '77.

The fall monsoon came bringing the right portion of rain, and there was joy everywhere. But the seed grain rotted in the ground, so that two to five plantings were required. Then locusts came and destroyed much. A fair crop was harvested early in '78, and people began to feel that their terrible two years were not to be continued. It is estimated that over 3,000,000 people died as a result of this famine and pestilence. It took years to get over the effect of it, and many people and villages carried the starvation look for a decade. The organizing capacity of the white race and their unselfish good-will, demonstrated in these dread famine years, were big factors in opening the hearts and minds of the Indians to the religion of Christ.

During the grilling stress of these famine years Clough's hair turned gray—a perpetual reminder for the next quarter of a century that he had, in a very real sense, "borne their sorrows." Speaking of that

terrible second famine year the preachers said, "Our hearts were very heavy, and our Dhora's hair turned white." The young people referred to him affectionately as *Tahta,* grandfather, because of this change, though he was not yet forty-five years of age!

IX

WHEN CLAIMS COME TRUE

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CLOUGH'S saintly teacher and senior in the Telugu work, Doctor Jewett, used to speak of the "much people," whom God would call out from among the multitudes of India, and Clough himself spoke early and often about the "multitude of the elect." Jewett had prophesied on Prayer-meeting Hill that the day of great ingathering would surely come. Clough staked out the boundaries of a great field, compassing territory from which he expected to reach thousands of people to win them to Christ. He had sent his preachers out into this territory and among the villages in such a way as to show he expected a real Pentecost before many years. And when the Madigas were given to him for his heritage, he resolved that they should be won by thousands. The huge task of changing the religious, social, and economic thinking of tens of thousands of outcastes Clough tackled, as only Clough could—and whatever he had set his heart on, he could not be discouraged in, nor turned aside from. He loved the people, gave himself unselfishly for them, and knew they could be won. He expected, prayed and worked for the very thing that came to pass—an "Ongole Pentecost." He had claimed these thousands for the Christian faith, and his extravagant claims were in the providence of God.

Throughout the famine period Clough and his preachers had been busy in various forms of famine relief. During their work on the canal, they had come in touch with thousands of non-Christians and had had some opportunity to tell them about the new faith. Clough himself often preached to the groups at the canal on his favorite text: " Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In distributing famine relief to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars he had also come into touch with many people, who had learned from him something of the meaning of faith in Christ. Before the famine thousands of people had heard about the new religion from Clough and his preachers on their tours, and from the 3,000 converts, members of the Ongole Church. The time was therefore ripe for many to come into the Christian church, not especially because of the famine upheaval, but because it, along with the plans and purposes of Clough, had been turned to the account of the cause into which he was passionately throwing his vigorous life.

During the famine years Clough stedfastly refused to baptize or allow any baptism on his great field, not that he lacked faith in the motives of the converts in coming, but that he wanted to protect them from the suspicion that they were coming to be fed and taken care of. His own secret convictions were that these converts asking for baptism should be received, for some of them he had known personally for years, and

knew them to be Christians by their changed manner of living. Some of them were under observation by the preachers, who likewise bore testimony to their sincerity. But he saw into the future, and wanted to protect the mission in the eyes of Christian public opinion in England and America. There were repeated references during these famine times to "rice Christians," many of them made in a hostile spirit, and with the insinuation that natives became Christians in name just to get something to eat. Clough wisely reasoned that if he could withhold baptism till the famine was over he would save his Christians from these suspicions and mean criticisms.

The many candidates in many taluks, however, did not remain content at his decision. They got hold of the idea that they could not go to heaven unless they had been baptized, and with people dying all around them, they thought much on this. The missionary urged the preachers to tell them Jesus would know them at once when they got to heaven, and would receive them, though they had not been baptized. This comforted them somewhat but did not settle their restlessness. From many villages and groups came letters such as this:

> We are very poor; our huts are fallen down, and we have not much to eat but leaves; but we do not ask you for money. We will not ask you for the smallest copper coin, even though we starve to death; but we believe in Jesus, and, as he commanded us, we want to be baptized. We can die, if it be God's will;

but we want to be baptized first. Be pleased to grant our request, and do not put us off any longer. May the Lord help us all!

Although Clough knew that there were very many everywhere about his field desiring baptism he did not realize how extensive the movement was till December 24, 1877. At that time he was very busy distributing relief provided by the Mansion House Fund. To be sure the fall rains had come, but unfortunate circumstances had brought only a very slim harvest, and there was still great suffering. Clough had sent out word for his preachers to come in for a meeting with him. And had strictly warned them not to bring any people with them, as he had no more relief for them, and absolutely did not intend to baptize any. The preachers did their very best to keep the matter from the people and to come by themselves. They even rose and slipped away in the night. But before they had come very far they found groups of people following them. Clough tried to turn them back at the compound but they crowded in and many cried: "Baptize us. We are all going to die of hunger. Baptize us first!" The preachers counted the people there and found there was about 3,000, more than half of whom were non-Christians.

It was hard for Clough to face that crowd, so many of whom had trudged weary miles to implore for baptism, and tell them they must wait, but he did so. In the best way he could he explained to them that they should wait in patience, and then committed them to

God in a fervent prayer. Before sending them disappointed to their homes he ordered them to be given a coin each, that they might have a little to buy food with on the way back. They then asked permission to return, made their salaams, or graceful bows to him, and were gone. Now Clough knew what a serious situation he faced in that there really were thousands waiting, and beseeching baptism. He was positive even to stubborness in his determination that no converts should be baptized during the famine, but his heart, which beat in love for these thousands, told him otherwise. Love and duty, as he saw his duty, clashed.

On the very day that the Apostle of God firmly closed the doors of the church against those 1,500 who sought admission, there was in the traveler's bungalow in Ongole a Roman Catholic priest, Father Mayer, writing a note of acceptance to Clough, concerning an invitation the latter had written him to become a member of the local relief committee. The next day, Christmas Day, Father Mayer dined at the compound, and he and Clough became friendly, working together a lot during the next six months in distributing relief-funds. The inhabitants of Ongole, seeing the fellowship between these two, and not knowing about the differences which separated their faiths assumed that they were of the same faith. They spoke to Mayer about their desire for baptism and church-membership, and he, because of his different attitude and training, thought it a terrible thing that thousands of converts should

be kept outside the church. He talked sympathetically with the people, and word soon came to Clough. This looked like a pretty mess!

Clough went right to the traveler's bungalow and found two priests there, one of whom was Father Mayer. They said frankly that they had reported to their bishop how there were thousands of Christian believers being refused baptism and that since the Baptists were refusing them, they, the Catholics, considered it their duty to receive them. They had held back a few months, thinking that Clough would change his decision, but after some delay they had come, upon orders from their bishop, to gather in this harvest.

There then followed a two-hour debate, with Clough doing most of the talking. He pointed out that for forty years the money of American Baptists had supported the Telugu mission and that those wishing baptism had been taught and trained by their representatives. It was a matter of simple justice. Then again he pointed out the tragedy of splitting the Madiga villages and families into religious factions. The positive Dhora did not get very far, but finally got them to promise to wait one month, i. e., till their return from a visit with their bishop to the north. This was very little time for the business in hand. Clough acted promptly!

The next day after the interview was Sunday, and after the sermon in the chapel Clough announced there would be examinations of candidates and bap-

tism that very afternoon, and requested that the village elders and heads of households near Ongole make the beginning. There was great rejoicing among the people, and the welcome news spread like wild-fire over the whole district. To the neighboring taluks it went, and then beyond—"Our Dhora is baptizing." From village after village jubilant groups came walking to Ongole to be examined and baptized. All Clough had time to do after his almost daily baptizings was to write in his diary the number received. The first entry is under date of June 16, 1878, "We baptized 112 today, 74 of these were heads of families, all men of Ongole." During the remaining days of June close to two thousand people living within a distance of about twenty miles from Ongole were welcomed into the Christian church by baptism.

In the meanwhile, messengers and representatives from more distant points came to learn when the converts from their villages and neighborhoods should come. The thing began to look so vast that Clough decided he must confer with his preachers and make some definite plan as to when each group should come. This must be done before they were in absolute confusion. Also, there was the added problem of the complaints of the officials of Ongole. For reasons of health, these did not like to have multitudes from distant places coming into the city every day. Smallpox was spreading in many villages, and there was always the fear of cholera epidemics, on account of so many

of them during the past two years. The town was dirty because of the crowding into it during the famine. Therefore Clough wrote urgent letters to all his preachers not to come to Ongole but to meet him at Velumpilly ten miles north, as this would also save a number of them a ten-mile additional walk. Likewise he urged them strongly not to bring groups of people with them, and to leave even their wives and children at home. It was therefore made plain in the letters that these were *orders* issued for health reasons, to stop spreading contagious diseases. The purpose of this meeting with the preachers, as he carefully explained, was that plans should be laid for the baptizing of the candidates in the different districts or taluks, so that each should know when and where he might be received into the church.

Upon the morning of the appointed day Missionary Clough left Ongole before the sun rose, in order to reach Velumpilly early in the day. When he arrived at the appointed meeting place, a traveler's bungalow beside a grove of tamarind trees, and overlooking the ford or causeway across the Gundlacumma River, he found four of his preachers already there, and with them nearly 3,000 people, most of whom wanted to be baptized. The preachers hastened to explain humbly and apologetically that they had done their best to leave the people at home, but that the converts had insisted on following. Then Clough realized the tremendous situation he faced, for the other preachers would in all

probability have multitudes with them. Such proved to be the case.

Clough was strongly minded to send the people home to their villages immediately, for he saw all sorts of complications with such an assembly of thousands of people, and no plan to handle them or feed them, for many did not have adequate provisions with them. He mounted the wall around the traveler's bungalow, a broad, stone affair about four feet high, and preached to the people on his usual text: "Come unto me." It was apparently a great sermon—just what that multitude needed, and they were lifted up by it. But at the close he let them drop again, for he requested them to return to their villages immediately. Throughout that vast gathering there was shuffling and murmuring. Then there were confused and mingling voices shouting out, "Baptize us!" The cry that soon rose to be a shouting chorus took this form: "We do not want help. By the blisters on our hands we can prove to you that we have worked, and will continue to work. If the next crop fail, we shall die. We want to die as Christians. Baptize us therefore."

Here was a genuine crisis. The perplexed missionary summoned his preachers and teachers to meet him in the bungalow and from the wall he jumped into a vital conference. Here were anxious men of God, strong men, whom Clough had worked with and loved for a decade, men like Sreeram Solomon, who had walked forty miles with his people that they might re-

ceive baptism, and Baddepudy Abraham, one of the immortal twenty-eight, who had dreamed, when a lad in the school, of the time when there would be a Pentecost in his taluk, and now it was here! There was little said; Clough knew what was the burden on the hearts of these preachers, and he knew that they could not understand his stubborn resistance. They prayed together fervently to the accompaniment of the hum of the voices of thousands outside, patiently awaiting the decision. They rose from their knees ready for action, for all knew that the time of baptizing had come.

From the wall the Dhora announced the plans. The people were to go immediately into the tamarind grove near-by, form groups there by villages and taluks with their preachers, teachers, and elders. Each preacher had his tree or group of trees pointed out to him, and was instructed to make a careful list of those known to him or to the elders to have given evidence of having become Christians. These preachers knew when a man was converted. They said: "When men stopped drinking intoxicating *sarai,* and fighting, and eating carrion, and working on Sundays and bowing to idols, we knew that there was a change. They came then and sat with the Christians, when they sang hymns and prayed, and were willing to listen when we told them about our Lord Jesus."

Each candidate, however, was questioned definitely there in the grove concerning his knowledge of the

truth of the Christian religion, and of his willingness to bear the consequences of persecution for this belief. Thousands were rejected for some reason or another. Clough went among those the preachers had accepted, occasionally singling out some for further questioning. He had developed a keen ability to read the faces of the natives, and they knew this. The preachers usually smiled when Clough singled out people he was uncertain about, for they said that they too had their doubts about these particular folks, but did not reject them on account of not being sure.

That very afternoon, July 2, 1878, they began baptizing in the Gundlacumma River, at the place where the Northern Trunk road, a military highway to Hyderabad, crossed. There was no bridge or ford here, but a sort of causeway of stones in the river so that carts could pass over. Overlooking the roadway which dipped down to the river was an embankment about ten feet high on which was the grove, and where Clough stood directing the baptizings for three days. On either side of this causeway near the shore the water was of the right depth for the immersion of the candidates, and it was only a few steps from the banks. Two Telugu pastors took their places in the water on either side of the causeway. When these two became tired, two others took their places, and in turn they also were relieved. Six hundred and fourteen were baptized on that first afternoon.

In the night there was the constant sound of coming

and going, and when the dawn came Clough arose to find the grove swarming with people; he estimated at least 5,000. The Indians said there were "five acres of people." Thaluri Daniel and Bezwada Paul had come in with the people from the taluks where they had been working. Periah was also there. Immediately after sunrise two preachers took their stations in the river, and the baptizing began, continuing constantly with relays of preachers till eleven o'clock, when they had to pause on account of the heat of the day. Shortly after noon the baptismal service was renewed and continued till sunset. The six ordained pastors had taken their turns two by two from sunrise to sunset. The names of the candidates were read out, and one followed another into the water regularly. When the preacher on one side pronounced the baptismal formula the one on the other was getting his candidate before him, ready to speak the words as soon as the other had finished. At the close of the day those who had the lists came together to count up. The second day's total baptisms came to 2,222—this on July 3, 1878!

On the morning of the third day the services were again renewed at sunrise, and by ten o'clock the service was over—seven hundred being baptized the final day. The total for this Pentecost at Velumpilly in the Gundlacumma River was 3,536. The missionary did not baptize any himself, but stood in the grove on the bank overlooking, directing the baptism and examination of candidates. He took the responsibility of refusing

those who had to be rejected to save the preachers from their ill will. As he went about his responsibilities those three days, Clough knew that he was in the center of a great event. On the afternoon of that closing day he went back to Ongole, worrying a bit about what those who had stayed home because they were urged to, would say and do when they heard that those who had disobeyed and come had been baptized.

In response to the urgent request of the preachers, and his own good judgment in the matter, Clough immediately announced the times for the next baptizings and fixed upon two spots more convenient for the people, one to the north and the other to the south. Clough himself went to Comalpaud in the northern taluks, and sent an urgent plea to his brother-in-law, Doctor Williams, then vacationing in the Nilgiri Hills, to go immediately to Nundamarilla, in the southern taluks. Before the end of July they were in the midst of these great services, and when they both returned to Ongole, they reported as follows: Southern taluk harvest, 1,850; northern, 1,031. Had these been given permission most of them would have been at Velumpilly, July 2-4. Thus within thirty-nine days they had baptized 8,691. Before 1878 closed nearly 1,000 more were baptized, making 9,606 for the year, and bringing the membership of the Ongole church up to 12,804, living in 400 villages. They were mostly Madigas, with a few Malas, another subcaste, but a bit higher in the social scale than the leather workers. Obulu was a

Mala, and had worked faithfully with his kind. After many years of faithful sacrifice and work the "Multitude of the Elect" had come.

Even in the midst of their stupendous victories and rejoicings there were burdens of grief to be borne, for the inevitable critcism followed. When people heard of this almost fabulous number they expressed doubts as to whether such great crowds of ignorant people should be received into the Christian church. Criticism buzzed at home and abroad. Clough had to enter the lists and write defenses of his actions. His report of the Ongole Pentecost was largely a defense of the whole situation, and a half apology for the marvelous work.

In the missionary conferences for South India and Ceylon, representing twenty-five missionary societies, held in 1879, a day was given to the subject of the hazards of large accessions, and Clough came in for much public criticism. Clough was not present; the trend of opinion seemed to be against him, but a brother of another denomination came to his defense in an able manner.

Among the American Baptists, however, the news was electrical! They had been used to look upon the "Lone Star" field as an almost impossible situation, and when the brief fact of a real Pentecost there broke upon them, they clamored for information about it, for knowledge of the Telugu work, and for facts about the genius, Clough. The Baptists were moved and

thrilled, and Clough's request for more money and men was granted with enthusiasm. From the Mission Rooms a call went forth over signatures of the nine members of the Executive Committee that all Baptist churches observe a special day of thanksgiving for this great ingathering—the first Sunday in December, 1878—which was done in many places, and a victorious thrill touched the churches from east to west. "Clough" and "Telugu Mission" were on many tongues, and missionary thank-offerings came pouring in.

X

HIS WORK IS DONE

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The dramatic, romantic, and awe-inspiring ingathering of '78 furnished problems and situations which kept the Apostle to the Telugus very busy for a decade. It also focused the attention of the world upon his life in such a way as to create the impression that his life-work was done. To be sure there were other outstanding achievements within the next twenty years of his activity that would have made any other life stand out as great, but they paled in the white glare of the marvelous Ongole Pentecost. One of the hardest adjustments to make was the sending of Mrs. Clough to America because of failing health due to the strain of the famine and ingathering responsibilities. In 1879 Clough went with his family to London, and returned to India alone, while they came home to America. Mrs. Clough did not get back to India again. but Clough spent parts of two furloughs with her; she passed away fifteen years later.

In January, 1880, Clough went on a tour, really the first since the ingathering, to see how the Christians were holding out, and to win new converts. For two months he traveled over five taluks, finding everywhere the greatest enthusiasm for the cause. Christians were sticking faithfully and winning others to the faith. In 28 different places he received converts, the

total number for this tour being 1,068. The number of baptisms reached 3,000 before the year ended.

The same year there was held in Ongole an ordination service at which twenty-four native preachers were set aside for the ministry. Since many of them had already been acting as pastors for years, the service was simply the seal of approval and public recognition of their work. Some of them, however, were new men, trained in the Seminary by other missionaries, and not a part of the Clough movement, in the intimate and personal sense. For Clough the emotional height of this unusual occasion of ordaining twenty-four men at one time, was the benediction pronounced by Yerraguntla Periah, the old man among those ordained—the first of all in point of time, and in Clough's heart.

Six months later separate churches were organized, members being dismissed from the Ongole church for this purpose, and the native preachers assumed direct charge of them. But they still wanted to be considered connected in some way with Ongole, for they felt it gave them prestige. It was hard for the natives to get the idea of being separate and independent from Ongole, and it did not work well for years to come. The newer missionaries who did not look with much favor on the so-called Ongole method of centralization, considered its success was due to Clough's strong personality and methods of working. But he felt that the movement was an Indian one, and that the organization

of Indian Christianity had followed in the groove of Indian ways. Clough counted that his years of experience in dealing with these peoples, his pioneering habits, and the divine leadership he was conscious of, had led him and his preachers in the best possible way, in this great Madiga movement. The devotion of the native workers, who had been around him for more than a decade, could not be pushed aside. Among all the missionaries, to whom the people were devoted, Clough stood out in lines of unique affection as the "*Pedda* Dhora," or big Dhora. Clough was the "Ongole Method"!

The change made in dividing up the mission and organizing separate churches, Clough went through with because pressure was brought to bear on him from both America and India. The new missionaries and the younger preachers trained in the Seminary agitated the changes. These changes often brought sorrow to Clough, but he knew that this was the cost of progress, and that in the long run they were necessary to conserve the advantages of the ingathering. In 1882 the Ongole church had 20,805 members, which made it the largest Baptist church in the world, though it was supposed to be divided into 27 churches. But before the year was over four new stations were organized wholly independent of Ongole and under the direction of new missionaries. These were—Cumbum, Vinukonda, Narsaravupet, and Bapatla. This same year there was published in America a book called

From Darkness to Light, which Clough had written the preceding year. It was a story in narrative form giving a picture of the social situation among the Madiga Christians.

In 1883 Clough came to America on a furlough long overdue. He was home less than a year, but during that time traveled extensively to tell the story of the marvelous Madiga movement to many of the churches of America, and to direct attention of Baptist people everywhere to the Telugu Mission. He also collected money for mission property, especially for two mission houses for Madras, and for an extensive addition to the Ongole high school. During his absence in America Miss Emma Rauschenbusch, missionary in Madras, was transferred to Ongole to direct the work of the Bible-women, and the boys' school. She and Clough proved companionable in the work and cooperated very well in the upbuilding of the station. Miss Rauschenbusch was invalided home in 1887, but returned several years later as the second Mrs. Clough.

The next few years proved the most grilling and discouraging of all the hard years of Clough's service. In 1885 funds from headquarters were very decidedly cut down, and there were repeated urgings from those who did not understand the problems of the South India field, that the native churches be made self-supporting. These cuts and urgings for less expensive missionary work came at a time when the Telugu mission was seriously crippled by the cutting down of

the number of missionaries, several having been invalided home, some called home on furlough, and some taken by death. There were now thirteen stations in the Telugu Mission, some of them badly undermanned. 1886 marked the retirement of the beloved veterans, Doctor and Mrs. Jewett, and the return home of Doctor Williams. The Ongole station church still had 15,000 members, and a number of activities educational and otherwise. Clough's strength began to give way under the strain. In spite of his overworked condition, he ventured on a short tour into the Darsi taluk, upon which he baptized 420 converts. On the return trip he suffered a slight sunstroke, which invalided him for some time, and compelled his residence in a bungalow at Kottapatam, by the sea, till his strength partially returned. Often when too ill to get up he would wonder what would happen to the mission if he were to be carried to the cemetery some day soon.

For the discussion of this question he called in Periah and some of the older preachers, in whose judgment he had such great confidence. They decided that since Clough could not go out on tour, the people should come to Ongole for baptism, and forthwith such a movement was set on foot. To the next quarterly meeting, that for December, 1890, they brought 352 for baptism. A time two weeks later was set for the bringing of others. This time the number baptized was 1,671, and urgent requests came for Clough to go to other places where many were waiting baptism. An-

other revival plainly was on; Clough had not the strength to go, and there were no other missionaries at Ongole to send. The total baptisms at Ongole for three months were 3,765, and at Cumbum, where a similar ingathering was going on, 1,466 were received —over five thousand converts baptized in three months, despite the neglect by the American churches of these overburdened, sick, fatigued, and forsaken missionaries!

In the midst of this ingathering which was similar in numerical proportions to that of '78, but not so spectacular, Clough was summoned home to get twenty-five men for the Telugu field and raise fifty thousand dollars to equip them properly. He was to appear before the annual meetings in Cincinnati in May and plead with the representatives of a great denomination to establish on a better foundation the marvelous work now being carried on by their representatives in India. He told them simply of the blessings that had come upon the Telugu field, of the field's immediate need of twenty-five new missionaries and fifty thousand dollars to send them out properly supported. He also begged them to provide these freely, without expecting him to get them, as he was broken in health and must recover strength for further labor in India. His stirring plea resulted in five thousand dollars being pledged at the May meetings.

Clough had to spend the first six months of his furlough in quiet rest and recuperation. When he was

strong enough to go at his task he raised the fifty thousand dollars twice over, and got the twenty-five men. The second fifty thousand was for an endowment for a Telugu mission college. There was much opposition to this college both in India and America, for it was considered premature. When Clough returned to his post in India toward the close of 1892, it was truly in triumph. But the thing that gladdened his heart most was that two of his daughters had returned to South India just before him as wives of two of the new missionaries being sent to man the needy Telugu fields. Clough also found upon his return that the work in Ongole had prospered during his absence, for Rev. J. Heinrichs, a promising young missionary who had hardly completed his language study, had carried on in a very creditable fashion. Just before Clough returned, Missionary Heinrichs went to the station to which he had been designated, Vinukonda, and subsequently became president of the Theological Seminary in Ramapatnam, in both of which he served conspicuously.

Clough's return to Ongole may have been a triumph, but it did not bring him peace of mind. He was by nature and life-long experience an outreacher, extending his boundaries, and seeking greater things to do. Now life was closing in on him; he did not have the strength to do the big pioneer evangelizing that had been his lot. Also, his field was divided again. Gradually he had been hemmed in; already other stations

were organized or set apart on the north, west, and south, so that he could no longer extend his outposts. With the cutting off of further fields he now had only two taluks left—Ongole and one other. Originally he had had more than ten taluks. Of course he knew that this was best, and that it was for the further developing of the great religious cause to which he had devoted so many years of his life. But then, masses of people and his beloved preachers were gone from him!

With the new order the type of work changed. The superevangelist-organizer, the "Man for Ongole," no more could exercise his unique talents in the old way, nor could he extend his outreach. The missionaries now had smaller territory, but bigger jobs, for they had to mold groups of Christians into competent and aggressive church-members. It is a more laborious task to train these converts in the mold of organized Western forms and stick to it patiently. But the new men set out to do exactly that. The twenty-five recruits were distributed over the field at strategic points which had been waiting for missionaries. The field was now considered to be adequately covered and well manned, and yet it followed the boundaries staked out by Clough over twenty years before. In discussing this changed task Clough wrote as follows in his book, *Social Christianity in the Orient:*

I can well bear the criticism that I failed, at least partially, in organizing churches on a self-sustaining basis. It is a minor

charge. The day will come when Western people will cease to expect the people of the East to adopt their customs and forms of thought along with their faith in Jesus.

In this we hear the prophet speaking.

Coming to realize that, although he was not yet sixty years of age, his work in India was finished, Clough began to talk about returning home in 1896, when he should have completed thirty years of service. But the native Christians held him. Their leaders insisted that simply his being there in the bungalow at Ongole, as of yore, made them feel secure, and created a feeling of stability. They wanted him to sit in his accustomed place, having no work or worries, so they might tell the caste people their "Pedda Dhora" was still in Ongole.

Sometimes the older preachers would come to Ongole to sit with their beloved teacher and talk over old times. They would laugh and weep together as they spoke of those terrible persecutions they bore, of the days of the great baptizings, and of the blessings that God had wrought among the Madigas through them. They would speak of the many sermons Clough had preached during those famine years on his old favorite text, "Come unto me." Or perhaps they would speak of things they thought ought not to be, and again, as of old, their Dhora would say, "But Jesus makes no mistakes." They always wound up by agreeing that the division of the field and the new methods were good, and by saying they were loyal to the new mis-

sionaries, which they were, but way down in their hearts they longed for the good old days.

That Clough was there during the transition days gave stability to the movement. Some of the younger missionaries in their impulsiveness to go ahead, perhaps too rapidly, impatiently felt that he was in the way. He did stand in the way of those who would hasten a closer approach to American methods of church organization and evangelism, for he knew that their radicalism might have wrecked the work of his lifetime. He feared lest the Madigas move away as they had come—in masses. He was an anchorage for the ship he had launched, and the native leaders knew it.

On the other hand, the younger missionaries were discovering that conditions were changing in the villages of India, due, among other things, to increased contacts with the Western world. The plans and programs laid down by Clough a quarter of a century before were out of date and hampering. But Clough stuck to his guns and protested radical changes. In some of the conflicts of opinion he came out second best, and subsequent events proved the wisdom of the changes proposed by newer and younger men. For example, one of the time-honored customs was that each preacher and student in the Theological Seminary at Ramapatnam should receive two garments a year, always of white duck of the same quality. Some of the younger preachers did not like the uniformity of the garments, so would sell them in the bazaars for less

money than the missionaries had paid for them. Thus the proud distinction of the earlier days felt by the preachers who wore these garments came into disrepute, and a change to a cash allowance was substituted.

Often the younger missionaries could not understand Clough. They knew and saw him to be a sincerely humble man before God, and yet there were times when he seemed to exhibit an intense amount of personal egotism. Undoubtedly the devotion of the natives to him, the adulation he received on his triumphal journeys across America on his furloughs, and the consciousness he had of the work God had permitted him to do, had some effect upon his attitude toward people who did not know him intimately. His tremendously vibrant personality sometimes expressed itself in intense anger, which he always hastily controlled, but not before it created awe in the minds of the natives.

In 1896 there came to Ongole for one more visit the old patriarch, Yerraguntla Periah. Clough knew it was Periah's last visit. How the past, with all its triumphs, rushed into Clough's memory! This old saint was the *real* cog turning the wheels of success in the early days. Clough had him carried to the platform and placed in his old seat among the preachers of Ongole. Then he put his arm lovingly about him and placed him for a few minutes in his (Clough's) own place. He wanted all to know of the love and venera-

tion he felt for Periah. When some of the younger generation, who could not understand the affection displayed for the tottering old man, appeared puzzled and amused, Clough felt resentful and cried out:

"Do you want to know who this is? I will tell you. When you get to heaven—and I hope you will all get there—you will see some one who looks radiant with light, far above you. You will almost need a telescope to see him distinctly, the distance between you and him will be so great. And you will ask some one, 'Who is that man clothed in exceeding brightness?' Then you will be told, 'That man is Yerranguntla Periah from the Telugu country.' And you will strain your eyes to behold him."

For years there had been agitation that the proposed railroad between Madras and Calcutta should pass through Ongole, for the surveys of the engineers had fixed it otherwise. Clough had made surveys and observations of his own, to argue that it was better that the road come through Ongole. He had addressed the Chamber of Commerce in Madras about this, and had agitated the matter through the press. Prominent citizens of Madras and places interested in the proposed location of the railroad urged Clough to call on the Secretary of State for India in behalf of the Ongole route, when passing through London on his way to his 1891 furlough. He did so, with good results. When the engineers came to survey for the new railroad they found Clough's observations good. As a courtesy

to him for what he had done, they gave him the privilege of saying where the Ongole station should be located.

While the road was being built in 1891, a famine came, though not of the intensity of the famine of '76-7. The executive engineer of the railroad gave Clough the contract for stacking up 450,000 cubic feet of stone ballast, which meant that he had a famine-relief camp again with several thousand coolies under his direction. People came from great distances to do this work under Clough, and the officials marveled at it, for relief-work camps others were conducting seemed to be unpopular.

Clough carried on the work at his station successfully year after year, having about five hundred baptisms annually. He had his church of over 8,000 members organized along the Indian village lines, in groups over which the village council, or *panchayat,* consisting of five men, had the direction. The people elected their own council members, who sat with Clough in the quarterly conference. It was the system he had used all over his field for decades. It was a step in the direction of self-government, but along the lines of Indian village life.

During 1900, when Clough was visiting the Podili station then temporarily under his charge, he rode out one day for a relaxation trip into the open country. His pony, suddenly starting in terror at the sight of a wolf by the roadside, threw Clough so violently as to

break his collar-bone and two ribs. He walked to the bungalow and gave himself a few days for recovery.

A year later he was in a camp south of Ongole, preparing to hold meetings and receive several hundred people. In his tent was his tall cot, four feet from the ground, to discourage the approach of stray dogs, snakes, etc. In the night, desiring to get up, he stepped out on a chair placed beside the bed for that purpose. The slipping of the chair caused him to fall heavily and break his right hip. In a few days his preachers took him for the twenty-mile ride back to Ongole in a spring-wagon. After two months of intense suffering, he was started on a journey back to America as the only hope for his recovery. Strict word had been sent to the natives not to come to say farewell, for their Dhora was a very sick man, and any noise or disturbance might kill him. But several thousands came, and remained deathly silent, requesting only the privilege of a farewell salaam to him. When he was carried on his cot to the railroad station hundreds followed him, having taken off their sandals, walking barefoot and sobbing softly in the silence of the starlit night.

The home journey was made by way of China and the Pacific Ocean; in every case Clough was carried about by willing hands. Doctor and Mrs. Clough landed in Vancouver and went to Banff in the Canadian Rockies, where he remained four months in a sanitarium. To this place there came an old man who had made a long and tiresome journey from St. Louis to

see his "Son in the Faith," before either should pass on. It was Dr. G. J. Johnson, who had baptized Clough forty-three years before; he stayed a month, and they were a benediction to each other.

The Cloughs were in America a year and a half when the irrepressible missionary began to long to be back at work. It seemed foolish to all that he should return, but his heart was in India, and there he wanted to be buried. He returned in the fall of 1902, happy to be in the old bungalow again. His strength began to fail, and he had to admit even to himself his work was over. In 1905 he retired from active service, but wanted to remain amid the old surroundings.

During the next hot season he went to Coonoor in the Nilgiri Hills where he and Mrs. Clough went to work putting his life-story into shape. He told the dynamic tale to Mrs. Clough, and she faithfully wrote it down. This is the book called *Social Christianity in the Orient*. It was a great joy to him to see his life as a whole, and to realize that in spite of many disappointments and failures in a number of directions, he could look around and see how God had fulfilled his hopes. When he had come to India to the "Forlorn Hope," he had nothing but dreams. Now he could look about and realize that one hundred missionaries were working in the Telugu field, 60,000 church-members were active, and 200,000 adherents were inclining to Christ's way of life, to say nothing of the influence of the many schools.

He had to give up his hope of being buried in India. Friends urged him against this, for his grave would surely become a shrine where his spirit would be worshiped. Already his name was being used in sacred rites and incantations in the villages, for they believed there was power in it. Reluctantly he sailed for America. For months after he spoke often of returning to India, but soon he began himself to realize that God was calling to him to come. In Rochester, New York, forty miles from the place of his birth, the Pedda Dhora breathed his last on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1910. They buried him in the cemetery the missionary society had provided for its worn-out warriors, in Newton Center, near Boston. His grave is in the most fitting place imaginable—near to that of Doctor Warren, who had loved him and counseled with him in the very early days of his venture to India; near Doctor Jewett, who was in every sense one of his spiritual fathers, his chief counselor and beloved master; and near Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "Shine on, Lone Star," whose prophetic dream the driving, torrential, rushing Clough had shaped into organized earthly actualities. And over the grave of this mighty man of God there is inscribed his favorite verse of Scripture, expressing the yearning of his heart for the calm, which he always sought and rarely got—

"Be still, and know that I am God."